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McKean County Miner.

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

NO. 16

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1909.

VOL. XLVI

DEVELOPMENTS IN OUR NEW OIL FIELD.

Oil Men Are Deeply Interested in What is Doing.

BIG WELL IS HOLDING UP GOOD.

Many are Leasing Land in Every Direction—Good Gas Well on Dugway—Owners Will Drill on Town Lots—Pipe Line is Promised.

The excitement caused by the drilling in of the fifty barrel well on the County farm two weeks ago hasn't diminished in the least—in fact it is growing daily. This well has been held in as much as possible in order to take care of the oil and yet it had done over 300 barrels up to Tuesday.

A temporary line is being laid from the wells to the P., S. & N. switch on the County farm where the oil will be loaded on cars for the present and as soon as more drilling is done, a pipe line will be laid to connect with the lines leading to the storage tanks at Colegrove. Mr. Hungerford informed the writer Tuesday that they had the promise of a line of this sort as soon as another paying well was drilled in.

Representatives of several big oil companies have been looking over the field and picking up what territory they can find that looks good. In the meantime several of our townspeople have been busy picking up leases and options and if half the wells are drilled this summer that are talked of at the present time, Smethport will be about the most active town in the drilling line in the United States.

Heinlein, Hungerford & Nellis expect to start a rig for a new well within a week and we have been informed that F. A. Green is making arrangements to put down a well on one of his town lots in the near future. Mr. Green is taking little chances in this venture for he owns a grist mill and as he is almost certain of getting a good gas well, there is little chance for him to lose and more than an even chance of him making a good thing out of the venture.

Some of the owners of large houses on West Main street are also talking of putting down wells on their back lots. It is a very unusual thing to drill a well in this vicinity without getting at least a 50,000 feet gas well and a well of this kind for a man whose gas bill is upward of $150 per year would not be a bad investment.

The well just drilled in on the Glenson lot on the dugway by the Smethport Glass Co. promises to be another good gas well, good for better than 200,000 feet per day. This company owns several acres adjoining the County farm and it is probable that its next location will be on this lot. This property is a little southeast of the forty-five degree line from the big well, but as the course of the belt has not yet been well defined such a location may be a good one.

It has been rumored about town that one of the branch oil companies of the Standard is negotiating for the purchase of the Heinlein, Hungerford & Nellis lease and that they have made them an offer of $150,000 which is being held under consideration.

Chances are that Smethport will be dancing to the merry tune of the walking-beam before fall.

Civil Court News.

Civil court convened on Monday at 2 o'clock with Hon. Joseph W. Bouton presiding. Owing to the indisposition of Hon. W. E. Bardick of Bradford, who had been returned to look after the interests of a number of litigants, and the absence of Attorney F. P. Schoonmaker, also of Bradford, in attendance at his father's funeral, it was decided to continue the majority of the cases to be tried this week. The cases go over, therefore, until the next term.

The case of Cora Coffey vs. Sarah Tremaine of Bradford was given consideration. The complainant sued for $18 for services rendered. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $11.08.

The Tidewater Pipe Line company asks for an injunction to restrain Edward O'Brien from interfering with the laying of pipe, etc., on the lands of the said O'Brien. The matter is returnable at the May argument court.

Mrs. McClellan of Mt. Jewett has asked for a jury trial in the divorce case brought by her husband.

In the case of Mrs. C. M. Leete vs. J. C. Stull, a verdict was obtained by the plaintiff for $124.06.

The case brought by A. D. and Elizabeth Moulton of Bradford against the Pennsylvania Railroad company was withdrawn by the plaintiffs, they to pay costs.

All business being disposed of court adjourned on Tuesday.

Glassenttors Wanted — Roughers, Smoothers and Polishers. Apply Pitkin & Brooks, Bowling Green, Ohio.

McKEAN COUNTY FAIR.

This Attraction Made a Hit at the Lyceum Last Evening.

A well filled house greeted the production of the McKean County Fair which was given at the Smethport Lyceum last evening. The performance was under the auspices and for the benefit of the Travellers' Club and a goodly amount was realized.

The McKean County Fair is without plot and is simply for amusement purposes only. It is just one grand conglomeration of characters, such as are found at a county fair, intended to amuse the audience and they certainly succeeded last night. From the time the curtain went up until it fell on the final scene it was one continuous round of pleasure for the audience.

Too much praise cannot be given those who took part in this performance for all deserve personal mention, but to do them justice would practically fill this newspaper and the short space of time forbids us mentioning any of the characters individually. We would like to give the names of everyone young and old who took part in the choruses but absence of a printed program makes this impossible. The choruses were extremely good and showed much good work by all concerned. The cast of characters so far as we were able to get them follow:

Mrs. Piper, Dora Keenan.
Sally Piper, Viola Badger.
Handy Andy, Emmett Quinlisk.
Pop Corn Sal, Genevelve Bouton.
Uncle Jake Sprucehy, J. Clayton Backus.
Aunt Mary Sprucehy, Mrs. Brownell.
Sophonia Perkins, Mrs. Forsythe.
Susannah Perkins, Miss Pattison.
Boss Jones, John P. Devlin.
Widow Smithers, Mollie Pierce.
Jimmy Brown, Harry L. Backus.
Aunt Sue, Mrs. Corton.
Mrs. Switzerberger, May Choate.
Mr. Switzerberger, W. H. Gallup.
College Girls—Mrs. Conley, Ruth Walker, Amanda Anderson.
Dude, Lawrence Morrison.
Lunch Counter Woman, Mrs. Bayle.
School Girls—Ruth Hungerford, Marie Purtle, Leona Hogarth.
1st Jockey, Allen Morrison.
2nd Jockey, Felix Southwick.
Person, B. T. Garlick.
Town Boys—Fred Burlingame, Robert Daly, Harry Metzgar, Fred Taylor, Scott McClure, John Sherburne.
Moses Brown, Fred Brownell.
Mrs. Brown, Ethel Gifford.
Salvation Army Woman, Mrs. Hogarth.
Miss Newcomer, Miss Mayo.
Miss Langdon, Miss Richards.
Hiram Green, John Ruffalo.
Birdie, his bride, Miss Story.
Widower Jones, Fred D. Gallup.
Widower Jones' Kids—Harry Metzgar, Ed Bouton, Alvin Burlingame, Helen Bouton.
Prof. Sparatti, Prof. Bayle.
Mlle. Clarice, Mrs. Harvey MacQuiston.
Wild Man from Borneo, Dr. Pierce.
Madame Slenderpole, Mrs. Specht.

Following are the musical numbers rendered during the performance:

Teddy Bear chorus, Lillian Michaels soloist.
Farmer's chorus, Jack Morrison soloist.
By Sweet to Me Kid chorus, Amelia DeGolia soloist.
Solo, Cassimo, Mrs. MacQuiston.
Mexican chorus, Zela Brasted soloist.
Automobile chorus, Felix Southwick and Zela Brasted, duet.
Fluffy Ruffles chorus, Mrs. MacQuiston soloist.
Ball Game chorus, Joseph Amster soloist.
Saw Saw chorus, Mrs. Hungiville, Mrs. V. B. Bouton, duet.

Committed Suicide.

Milton E. Dunham, a well known oil man, of No. 189 Jackson avenue, committed suicide yesterday morning by shooting himself through the head. A Winchester rifle was used to accomplish the deed.

Mr. Dunham, who had been employed as foreman for the South Penn Oil Company had, up to last February, been located in the West Virginia fields. He returned to Bradford owing to his poor health, and since that time has been poorly, being a sufferer from a nervous breakdown.

Yesterday morning he arose at about 9:30 o'clock and entering an adjoining bedroom, he placed the rifle upon a bed, kneeled upon the floor in front of a mirror. He managed in some manner to pull the trigger of the rifle and the charge from the weapon struck him on the right side of the head, producing instant death. It is supposed that the shocking act was accomplished during a moment when Mr. Dunham was temporarily insane owing to his poor health.

Mrs. Dunham, who was on the lower floor at the time heard the shot and hastened to the bedroom. A ghastly sight met her gaze. The shot from the rifle had produced a fearful wound and Mr. Dunham was past earthly assistance.—To-day's Era.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE FOOLERS FOOLED.

New Spring Hat Breaks a Large Plate Glass Window.

On the morning of the first day of April nearly everybody who passed the store of Daly & Garlick saw what they supposed was a badly broken plate glass window, numerous broken dishes, and a large brick in the background. This was a cleverly devised scheme of Charles Musser and fooled many people.

On Monday morning another of these plate windows was broken. Passersby paid little attention to it, thinking it was another joke on which they did not propose to be caught. However this was a reality and the strange part of it was, it had been broken by one of the latest creations in spring millinery which had accidentally fallen against it during the previous evening. Luckily this destructive hat was not worn by one of our young ladies but was on exhibition in this window.

Charles Musser is not only a clever hardware salesman but a professional window decorator with a more than ordinary taste for the beautiful, whether it be in a cook stove, hand painted china or spring millinery and he fixes up many attractive figures in these windows. His latest was the tubular young lady and her butter-bowl hat which are so popular just now. This young lady's form was constructed from several wicker baskets and her headgear consisted of an inverted butter bowl trimmed with extremely becoming vegetables and many the young man paused to size her up.

As one of our most mashable young beaux passed with a beaming smile the young lady made an extremely low bow and lost her balance. The creation slipped its moorings and crashed into the window, which is now a wreck. And the joke is on the jokers.

Corydon Man Killed at Jamestown.

A dispatch dated April 17, from Jamestown, says: James White, of Corydon, Pa., aged about 48 years, fell down the basement stairs in Charles L. Carlson's saloon at 15 Steele street at about 11:30 o'clock yesterday forenoon, striking on his head on the brick floor of the basement. White's skull was fractured and he died from his injury at 7:15 o'clock last evening at the Malmberg sanitarium on North Main street to which he was removed after the accident. The police investigated the accident and learned that it was purely accidental.

White has a wife and four children in Corydon. He once worked in Falconer and Jamestown for about two years and at that time stayed at the Babcock house. By occupation he was a carpenter.

When White arrived in Jamestown Tuesday evening he had between $65 and $75, and immediately started to spend it, according to what has since been learned. David Fleming, the Ashville man who a few days ago was sent to the penitentiary for stealing the coat and vest of a man, was heard to remark that "a man with such a roll ought to be 'rolled.'"

White spent Wednesday and Thursday in Jamestown and yesterday morning still had $15 left. He at once started drinking again. It was about 11:30 a. m. when he entered Carlson's saloon, which is known as the Elk Palace. He was at the bar a few minutes and then remarked that he was going to the toilet room, which is situated in the basement. He walked to the stairs and started down. The next thing heard by others in the bar room was the thud when he struck the brick floor.

White was at once carried upstairs. He revived enough to say this his head hurt and then relapsed into unconsciousness. A carriage was called and the injured man taken to the Malmberg sanitarium. His money was all gone by that time.

Murder and Suicide.

A dispatch from Canisteo, N. Y., dated 17th inst., says:

Arthur G. Conklin, a young farmer, last night shot his wife and then threw himself under the wheels of a rapidly moving trolly car. The woman is still alive but is in a most critical condition. Conklin is dead.

The couple came to the village apparently on the best of terms. Conklin went into a hardware store and bought a box of cartridges, several of which he slipped into a revolver while standing in the doorway. Mrs. Conklin was walking slowly down the street slightly in advance of her husband, when he suddenly drew the revolver and fired a bullet into her brain. Flourishing the revolver and threatening to kill anyone who touched him, Conklin ran down the main street. Several men followed him. A trolly car came along running at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. Conklin dashed into the middle of the street and threw himself between the front and rear trucks of the car. The car was thrown from the tracks and the passengers tossed about but none were hurt. Conklin was terribly mutilated.

For Sale.

3 new milchs cows. C. H. GLEASON.

ANOTHER FIRE.

Roulette Again Suffers—A Woman Burned to Death.

A fire started at Roulette in the building owned by L. B. Burt of Burtville, and occupied by E. F. Kiff as a residence and pool and billiard parlor, Thursday evening about seven o'clock and before it could be stopped the building was consumed and the Central hotel adjoining badly damaged. The wife of the proprietor of the pool room was also burned to death before she could be rescued, so rapidly did the fire envelope the building, and so well along was it when discovered. It is thought that the cause of the fire was an explosion in the rear room, by spontaneous combustion. Roulette has no water system by which protection is afforded in case of fire. A strong bucket brigade was promptly organized, however, and by heroic efforts in passing water from the river and from wells and faucets nearby adjoining property was saved. The family of the proprietor of the pool room lived in rooms on the second floor. His wife was an invalid scarcely able to help herself and though desperate efforts were made to get her out, they were unable to do so. Mr. Burt had insurance on the building.—Port Allegany Reporter.

The Pulpit and the Press.

Rev. Frederic H. Baker, a Galeton minister says:

A town newspaper should be found in every home in Galeton. We owe it to our town, ourselves, to the press and to the church. We should know what is going on; while we are busy our paper tells us what is going on, and as a business matter it is our privilege to sustain it, not only when we die or get married, but when we want to buy and sell. I do not always agree with the printer, and I suppose the printer does not always agree with my ways, but no man should live unto himself alone. We should forgive and forget and help one another in his journey of life. It is up to the people to see that we have the best possible papers, business places, schools, churches, etc., and the way to do it is to talk our town up and not down. Sin advertises for itself and we as citizens of one of the business towns in the country, should use the press and the press use us for higher and nobler purposes. I came to Galeton one year ago last January and I can safely say to my knowledge, nearly two people go to church where one went then. We owe much to the press. We pastors have learned to use the press and I want to thank it in behalf of my church and myself for the aid it has rendered. As I have gone over the state in Evangelistic work, the press has been a mighty tower for God through its columns. It has drawn thousands of people to the churches and many have been brought to Christ and sent out rejoicing. The Evangelist is praised and the kingdom of Christ is advanced, but the press has to praise itself if very much is said about its part in the matter. These agencies are to be used by God and man. Let us use them and show our gratitude by signing for them and using them in business, church and home.

Carlson-Johnson.

Axel Edward Carlson of Smethport and Miss Elizabeth Jonnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Johnson of Lantz were united in marriage at 2 p. m., Wednesday, April 14th, 1909, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gust E. Anderson of Mt. Jewett, Mrs. Anderson being a sister of the bride, Rev. Helmer, pastor of the Swedish Mission church of Smethport, officiating.

Among those present from out of town were: Mrs. J. F. Johnson of Lantz, mother of the bride; Mrs. John Carlson of Smethport, mother of the groom; John Carlson, brother of the groom with his wife and two children; Miss Ida Swanson, Miss Jenule Johnson and Miss Ada Spoonberg, all of Smethport, and Miss Mabel Johnson of Bradford, sister of the bride.

Immediately after the ceremony the company was invited to partake of a substantial wedding dinner at the conclusion of which the bride and groom left for Jamestown and other points in that locality, where they will spend a week or ten days, after which they will establish their home at Smethport where the groom will engage at his occupation of stone mason.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

A Shooting Affair.

On Friday night, according to information "delayed in transmission," a Black Hand worker tried to frighten a Fifth ward woman of his own nationality into giving him money. He is alleged also to have made grossly offensive demands of another character which the woman indignantly resented. It is said that she secured a revolver, after he had threatened to cut her head off and that she fired at him. The bullet did not hit the Black Hander, but it wounded an innocent bystander on the arm, so the story runs. An effort to capture the man who caused the trouble was made, it is alleged, but the fellow succeeded in escaping.

Details of the affair seem to be meagre.—Bradford Era.

WORK DONE BY OUR LAST LEGISLATURE

$65,000,000 Appropriated for the Next Two Years.

GOOD LAWS PASSED AND KILLED.

Appropriations Will Have to be Pruned by Governor—Brief Resume of Work Done at the Legislative Session of 1909.

The Legislature which adjourned last Thursday did a great deal of work in a short space of time, passing many good laws and some that at least do not suit many people. Some good bills did not get throught on account of the lack of time but they will come sooner or later and the start they made helps just that much.

Bills have been passed appropriating approximately $65,000,000 for the next two years, but as there is only about $43,000,000 in revenue in sight Governor Stuart will have to assume the responsibility of cutting these down about $22,000,000.

Besides these appropriations, the more important bills passed are:

The school Code, a most important bill which will revolutionize the present system—whether for good or bad we are not well enough informed to say.

Governor Stuart's State highway from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, to cost $5,000,000.

Increasing salaries of Supreme, Superior and other court Judges $350,000 annually.

Capitol Park extension, to cost $2,000,000.

Jones dirt road bill for townships, appropriating $1,000,000.

Shern bill, regulating child labor.

Murphy pure food bill, excellent except in its foolish provision permitting the use of benzoate of soda as a preservative; also bills prohibiting adulteration of liquors, soft drinks, lard, milk and ice cream.

Townsend automobile bill, establishing speed limit of twenty-four miles in open country and twelve miles in congested territory.

Constitutional amendment, abolishing February elections.

Constitutional amendment, empowering Philadelphia to borrow money for the construction of subways and for the reclamation of land for wharves and harbor improvements.

Constitutional amendment, abolishing poll tax.

Constitutional amendment for consolidation of Allegheny county courts.

Constitutional amendment, empowering Legislature at will to increase number of courts and Judges of courts.

Creating State Board of Osteopathy Examiners.

Creating State Board for registration of nurses.

Murphy bill allowing the connection of steam railroad and street railway tracks.

Shields bill empowering street railway companies to carry all kinds of freight.

Creating office of executive controller of accounts.

Making it a misdemeanor for State officials to pay out money not specifically appropriated.

McNichol bill, empowering juries to determine death or life imprisonment sentence in first degree murder verdicts.

Shern bill, admitting lawyers practicing in Supreme Court to practice in all other courts.

Directing that the Quay statute be erected in rotunda of Capitol building.

Making October 12 legal holiday, known as Columbus Day.

Giving primary election officers the same salary as general election officers.

Tustin parole, probation and indeterminate sentence bills.

Tustin anti-white-slave bills.

Campbell anti-cocaine bill.

Campbell bill, readjusting the State Pharmaceutical Board.

Vare resolution, calling on Congress to change the date of the inauguration of the President.

Commission to codify election laws.

Commission to investigate corporations and recommend revenue increasing measures.

Commission to codify fish and game laws.

This is a pretty good record taken as a whole. There is little in it which has not more or less direct benefit to the Commonwealth.

Here is a list of the more important bills which failed of passage in House or Senate:

Local option, beaten in the House.

Reyburn soldiers' pension bill, died in Senate committee after passing House.

Herbst single board medical bill.

Increasing State constabulary from four to six companies.

Dunsmore 2½-cent railroad fare bill.

Extending civil service system to State offices.

Empowering State Railroad Commission to regulate stock issues.

Creating five additional judges for Philadelphia.

Constitutional amendment for consolidation of Philadelphia courts.

Granting eminent domain to electric power companies.

McClain bills for return to counties of personal property tax and license fees which now go to the State.

Dunsmore commission to codify tax laws, died in Senate committee after passing House.

Jones bill taxing gas companies.

Dunsmore bill increasing corporation tax from five to ten mills.

Taxing corporations for local purposes.

Keene bill taxing capital stock of manufacturing companies.

Cressy anti-trust bills.

Cressy bill taxing express companies.

Increasing the salary of Governor from $10,000 to $15,000.

Increasing the salaries of Auditor General and Secretary of Internal Affairs from $4,000 to $8,000 and reorganizing the Auditor General's department.

Tustin juvenile court bills.

Rogers intermediate court bill.

A Mother's Duty.

Here are a few practical ways in which the average woman can protect her home from disease and raise its moral and physical standard.

By refusing to be ignorant. Enlightenment, the watchword of the Twentieth century, must be written over her heart. She can refuse to be blinded by appearances; it is in her power to demand true knowledge of the facts surrounding her; torpor and apathy must be unknown in her home.

By stirring up her husband and sons to vote and take an active interest in civic betterment. She can influence her city and her times through them.

By demanding cleanliness and fresh air in every department of her home at whatever cost.

By placing her children under the care of a reputable physician, and abjuring patent medicines, headache cures, and soothing syrups as dangerous.

By intelligently studying the question of food supplies—purchasing only where the surroundings are sanitary, and as far as possible only such articles as are protected by the pure food laws.

By boiling all drinking water where there is the slightest doubt of its purity, and all milk in hot weather if advised by the physician.

By screening her house from flies and informing her children of the menace they are to life, showing how easily typhoid and other virulent disease germs are carried upon their feet and wings.

By insisting upon fourteen hours of sleep daily for her children. This sleep taken in a well-ventilated room and upon a clean bed in itself will protect the child from a jaded, overtired nervous system, one of the great dangers of city life to-day.

By acquiring a knowledge of the fundamental facts of physiological history, so that she is able, when the time comes, to open for her children the mysterious door of self, leading from past the disasters and tragedies lying in wait to betray inexperience.

If the average mother will embody these few principles of life in her home she will be making her country a valuable contribution indeed, the most valuable in her power—one healthy, normal, enlightened home on which to draw for its future rulers and leaders. The home is the center of the country's strength and—let her not forget it—it is the mother who is responsible for the home.—Maria Scott in The Circle for April.

A Peculiar Coin.

A few days ago while working in the garden John Somersgill found a very peculiar coin or medal, and thus far no one has been able to decipher what it is or what it represents. It is copper and about the size of the old thin copper cent.

On one side is an Egyptian sphinx and over its head is the rising sun and back are the pyramids, across the bust are eleven figures representing human beings in different positions, below which are several squares containing Greek or Egyptian symbols. Below the image are various other symbols or hyroglyphics none of which we can decipher with the exception of a bird.

On the other side is an Egyptian god in full regalia in the center surrounded by various other signs and symbols, including another human form, fishes and animals. It has a ring in the top and has evidently been used as a charm of some sort. It is a very unique piece of metal and thus far no one has been able to give any definite information about the origin of this coin or medal.

Easter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Fence Posts for Sale.

Good second growth chestnut, 12 cts. each, delivered.

JAMES QUIRK.

MISS MILLS AND DICK.

By ANITA WENTWORTH.

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The name of the firm was Brownlow & Son, but every one who knew Dick Brownlow knew that the "old man" had taken him in without too many hopes of making a business man of him. Dick was twenty-three years old. He had been squeezed through college and made many trips abroad. He was a member of three clubs, and it had cost his father $50,000 to get him to his present point in life.

He was just recovering from a hilarious smashup in an auto and was feeling a bit repentant when his father announced the partnership and induced him to make certain resolves.

Dick had been using the office as a sort of clearance for two or three months and had at last advanced in the business world to the point where he could acknowledge an order by mail and almost bluff the old office managers and other employees.

Then the elder Brownlow decided that the son ought to have a stenographer all to himself, and an advertisement was accordingly inserted. There were forty-nine answers, and it was for Dick to peruse them and make up his mind which applicant to take.

He had five of them call at the office and chose Miss Mills because she was the least looking of the lot. It was Dick's idea that good looks formed the basis of stenography and typewriting. His father didn't agree with him, but he did not wish to introduce any "frivolity" into the partnership that might strain the young man's brain. So Miss Mills appeared on a certain Monday morning and began her work.

Although he was the junior partner, Dick, determined at once to prove to her that he was not only acknowledged boy chief to Dick, but that he was rather a good sort of a boy to have.

That affected the Son of Brownlow & Son in two letters and spent the rest of the time in patronizing his stenographer. He asked many questions and received some of his advances.

[illegible] to convey the idea that [illegible] by some fatal [illegible] that he had made matters worse. [illegible] that he decided to [illegible] with [illegible] eyes and [illegible] There had been no expression [illegible] for a moment, however, as she intended to give [illegible] on the spot. But suddenly [illegible] at Dick's frank, honest face overcame this idea, if she had it.

The junior partner was astonished. To do him justice, he was not indignant, but he was stunned.

The setback made him assume more dignity in the afternoon, and if he was not glad of it Miss Mills was. It was two days before the invitation was renewed and as promptly refused, and then he observed:

"Of course not if you don't wish to, but I must confess that I can't make you out."

"I am here as stenographer and typewriter, am I not?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"And have you any fault to find with my work thus far?"

"Not a bit, but, you see—you know—I invited you to lunch."

"And I preferred to go by myself."

That was another setback for Dick, and it naturally set him to studying the problem. He was not accustomed to being refused anything by anybody. It was a real relief to him when finally he decided that the girl stood in awe of him because he was the junior partner of the house. It seemed to him only kind that he should dissipate that awe.

At the end of another week he made it his business to overtake her on the street as she was going home. Bowing with the utmost respect, he said:

"Miss Mills, a friend of mine who was going to the theater tonight with his wife has been disappointed and has given me the tickets. Wouldn't you like to accompany me?"

"I—I have another engagement," she replied, blushing both because it was false and because he knew it was false.

"Oh—ah—I see. It's a great play."

"I thank you just the same."

That was another surprise for Mr. Dick Brownlow, but he didn't turn on his heel with the mental threat to discharge the "uppy" stenographer in the morning.

She was a new kind of girl to him, but he was playing fair. He'd have wagered 10 to 5 that she would jump at the chance, and why she didn't jump puzzled him. He could only lay it to her feeling of awe. He hadn't broken that down yet.

Miss Mills went to her duties next morning wondering if she would be told that her services were no longer required, but nothing of the sort awaited her. On the contrary, blank after luncheon, when she had written several letters, the junior partner remarked:

"Miss Mills, I want to say that your work gives the greatest satisfaction and from this time on your salary will be advanced from $12 to $15 a week."

"But I can't earn $15 a week now," she replied. "I'm only a beginner, and I'm glad to earn $12."

"You refuse a raise of salary?" he exclaimed, as he looked at her in astonishment.

"If you please, until I can earn every penny of it."

"But isn't it for me to say?"

"Not altogether. Please say no more about it."

Dick came down with another thud. It was no use trying to puzzle it out. He hadn't the brain power to do it. Instead of puzzling he went to his father and said:

"Governor, I wanted to raise my stenographer's salary and she wouldn't have it. What do you think of that?"

"Hear me, Dick, but I hope you are not going to get into a scrape," replied the father, as he rubbed his hands together and looked very anxious. "If you think she is trying to get a hold on you you'd better discharge her."

"Oh, see here, dad," said Dick promptly, "I know that she isn't anything of that kind, but I can't make her out. She won't go out to lunch or to the theater with me or accept any other favors."

"You shouldn't have asked her, Dick," said Mr. Brownlow sternly. "At the same time I must say that she is a most singular young woman—most singular. I'm afraid that she is altogether too attractive to you."

"Now, dad," said Mr. Son Brownlow promptly, "that's not fair to her. I simply wanted to make her feel comfortable, because—because—well, hang it, not because she's so confoundedly good looking as she is, but because she's a mighty nice girl."

Some junior partners might have given it up, but Dick wouldn't. He felt that he had been thrown down and humiliated, and he wanted to know why. He had sunk his dignity to be patronizing, and he had been rebuffed. He had broken a tradition of the house in seeking to increase a newcomer's salary and received no thanks for it.

So one evening he presented himself at Miss Mills' boarding house and asked for her. He was received in the parlor, and Miss Mills came down with no other idea than that he had come with bad news. He hesitated and halved for a thing and then drew a long breath and began:

"Miss Mills, would it do any good to ask you to go to the theater with me some night toward the last of the week?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered.

"But I can't make you out. You refuse to go to lunch with me; you refuse a raise of salary; you refuse to go to the theater. Will you tell me why this is?"

"I will, Mr. Brownlow. I am from a small town in the interior of the state. My mother is a widow, and we are poor. I am here to make a living for both of us.

"I had two places before I came to you, but I had to give them up because of just such flattery as you have bestowed upon me. They were too satisfied to let me do as good work as I could for a fixed sum for week. I must give up my place with you for the same reason."

"But I don't see it," replied Dick.

Miss Mills looked at the young man and perceived that he really did not see it. Very patiently and in a tone not at all nasty, she replied:

"Your are the junior partner in the house of you and your stenographer. You want me to go to the theater with you. We should see many people there that know you. Who am I—Your stenographer. What would they think and say? Perhaps nothing as to [illegible] socially, but how about me?"

"Miss Mills," said Dick, getting up and preparing to go, "I see now. Thank you for the lesson. You have made me realize something, and that something is that I must seem to you like a pompous fool. And I am a pompous fool, for I confess that I thought only of patronizing you."

Without waiting for a reply he bade her a ceremonious "Good night" and hurried away.

The girl watched him go with an expressionless face, but when the door closed behind him she hurried to her room and sobbed bitterly.

That she could not remain with the firm was a decision that she made without argument. Indeed, she hesitated next morning as to whether she should go to the office at all or merely write surrendering her post.

Her sense of duty conquered. When she appeared Dick Brownlow did not attempt to help her off with her veil and coat, as he had tried before. Instead he merely said "Good morning" politely and turned to his desk again.

Presently he stepped to her side and began to dictate. When he was done he hesitated and said:

"Will you pardon me if I recur once more and for the last time to a personal matter?"

Miss Mills, who had been trying to reach the point of presenting her resignation and finding it very hard, much to her own indignation at herself, said "Yes" almost inaudibly.

"Then," said Mr. Dick Brownlow bravely, "I will ask you not to resign, as I know you intended to do. I could see it in your face this morning. If it will make you more comfortable, I will arrange to have you transferred to my father's office, but if you would forgive me and do me the honor of trusting me I think I can prove to you that you will not make a mistake by staying in my own office."

The girl looked at him with eyes moist with tears. "I will stay," said she.

Six months afterward the Son of Brownlow & Son entered the private office of the head of the firm and said:

"Father, Dair Miss Mills didn't exactly try to get a hold on me, but she has one for all that, and I really think we'll have to take her into the firm and make it Brownlow, Son & Daughter."

"I couldn't want a better partner," said the head of the firm.

The Oldest Universities.

The earliest date which any university puts forth is that which Cambridge makes that it was founded about 635. Its continuous history dates, however, from 1109. Paris was founded in 792 and reinstated in 1200. Oxford dates back to an academy mentioned as ancient in 802; the schools were founded by King Alfred about 870, and King Henry III. granted the charter in 1248. Bologna dates from 1116. Salamanca was founded in 1239.—Argonaut.

Too Much Hustle.

Mugwins—So Blokes is dead, eh? Say, he was a hustler; he never let the grass grow under his feet. Bugwins—No; perhaps if he had it wouldn't be growing over his head now.—Philadelphia Record.

A given force applied for a given time upon a given point is bound to win.—Napoleon.

No Such Good Luck.

Nervous Old Lady (for the seventh time)—Oh, captain, is there any danger—shall I be drowned? Exasperated Skipper—I'm afraid not, ma'am.—London Fun.

When a king creates an office Providence at once creates a fool to buy it.—Colbert.

Survival of the Fittest.

Only one oyster embryo out of every 5,000,000 raised grows up through all the successive stages of youth to the adult state. Even in animals which produce a small number of young there is great destruction, and, taking all the individuals into consideration, only a single pair of young arrive at maturity to replace their parents. There is no exception to the rule that every organism being naturally multiplies at so high a rate that if not destroyed the progeny of a single pair would soon cover the earth. The elephant is reckoned the slowest breeder of known animals. It commences to breed at thirty years of age, dies at 100 and has six young in the interval. After 750 years, supposing all the offspring of a single pair fulfilled the rule and were not destroyed in an untimely way, there would be nearly 19,000,000 elephants alive descended from the first pair.—Sir Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

When the Terror Quailed.

He would terrorize the neighbors in a most outrageous way, broke the world's standing records in athletics every day, while in pugilistic circles he could wipe men in the chist and show master tricks at fencing—laugh at every cut and thrust. He slew tigers in the jungle and scalped redskins on the plain. He chased lions across the mountains and harpooned whales upon the main. He could break a bucking bronco—yes, and rope a Texan steer; sling a bowie knife or hatchet, throw the boomerang or spear. In balebreadth escapes he gloried. did this worthy son of Mars, and he'd lick his weight in wildcats—kick them higher than the stars. But his shoes were in his pocket, and his face was ghastly white; he was silent as an oyster when he came in late at night.—Exchange.

He Took the Chance.

"No," she said, and there was that in her voice which told him she would neither change nor falter in her resolve—"no, I have vowed to marry none save one brave enough to swear that should he ever be cheated out of the right to vote he will give the vote to woman."

To Laney, such a wife has never sounded the depth, heard and heeded at all.

"I swear it!" he cried and fell upon his knees before her.—Exchange.

Tibetan Test of Character.

The Tibetans have some strange tests for ascertaining the character of a man, said Sven Hedin. One is by means of a hole in a block of granite through which the bold lad has to crawl. If he is an honest man he will, according to the theory of the Tibetans, creep through, but if a scoundrel he will stop in the middle.

War Play of the Future.

"What properties will we need for the battle scenes?"

"None whatever. The stage will be bare. The men are supposed to be wearing invisible uniforms and firing smokeless powder from noiseless guns."—Kansas City Journal.

The Best Advice.

If you are about to do something which may cause trouble, ask the advice of a man who has tried it. His advice will be worth more than that of a man who has only thought of it, and will be backed by experience.—National Magazine.

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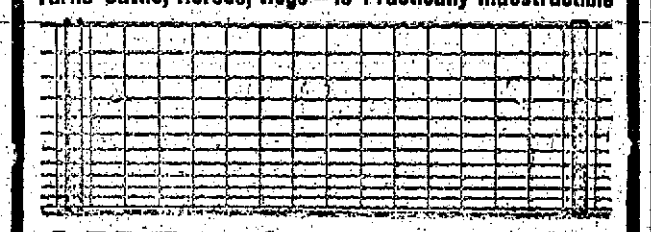

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 22, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The supervisors of Keating township are doing some good work on the roads.

—The country roads have become sufficiently settled to make automobiling a pleasure.

—The winter coverings have been removed from the fountains on the court house lawn.

—The many friends of Miss Lydia Burlingame will be pleased to hear that she has so far recovered from her recent illness as to be taken from the Kane hospital to her home in Kasson last Friday where she is getting along nicely.

—W. L. Hardison, one of the organizers of the defunct Eldred bank, vice president of the Columbia Oil Producing Co., of Los Angeles, Cal., was killed near Roscoe station, on the Southern Pacific railroad, 20 miles from Los Angeles, last Saturday, his automobile colliding with a train, says the Eagle.

—Andrew J. Hayes, the glycerine shooter who was so badly burned in the explosion following the shooting of a well on School street, at Bradford, Friday, April 2, died Saturday afternoon at his apartments on Kennedy street. He was 40 years old and had been a resident of Bradford for the past seven months.

—The commonwealth which is prosecuting the case against James Boyle and his wife for the kidnapping of Willie Whitla on Monday threw a bomb into the Boyle camp by announcing that it had copies of the telegrams which Mrs. Helen Boyle had sent to her husband previous to the kidnaping of the child and that they would produce them before the grand jury. It is claimed now that the woman did all the planning and that Boyle was but her tool in kidnaping.

—Application has been made to the Public Service Commission, second district, by Frank Sullivan Smith, receiver of the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company, for authority to issue $1,600,000 in receiver's certificates, says an Albany dispatch. The money is desired to refund certificates of indebtedness and improvements. The proposition has been approved by the Supreme Court of the State and the United States Circuit Court for the Western district of Pennsylvania.

—The Bradford Ministerial association has decided to request ladies to remove their hats during church services.

—The Ladies Aid of the M. E. church will hold a cooked food sale at J. Colegrove's store on Saturday, April 24, beginning at 2:30 p. m.

—The postoffice safe at Weston's Mills was broken into Sunday night. The robbers knocked the combination off with an ax. They secured about $3.50. They overlooked $100, that was in another drawer. The thieves entered with a skeleton key.—Eldred Eagle.

—As an instance of the voracious nature of the brook trout, the experience of a Kanesholm man named Vautine is related. Mr. Vautine had a large tank that was kept filled with pure water and in the spring stocked it with 100 small trout. The fish were fed regularly through the summer and in the fall when the tank was looked over, Vautine was astonished to find but one trout. The others had been eaten. It was a clear case of the survival of the fittest.—Bradford Star-Record.

—The Burke-McCann Co. opened a four nights' engagement at the Renova Theatre last night by presenting "A Romance in Ireland," a beautiful piece which was well acted and thoroughly enjoyed by one of the largest audiences of the season. Mr. William Francis Burke, an old favorite in Renova, won new laurels in the portrayal of Gerald O'Connell. Geraldine McCann very prettily handled her part as Eileen. The rest was well balanced and gave very able support to the leading people. The specialties were all catchy and up to the mark, especially the dancing act of the McCann family, four in number, who were compelled to respond to several encores. To-night the company, by permission from the playwright, will present an advanced melodrama entitled "False Friends," and theatre goers will be given a rare treat in this piece, which has made a decided hit in the larger cities during the past season.—Renova Evening News, April 15, 1909. At the Lyceum, April 22, 23 and 24. Prices 10, 20 and 30c.

You should not delay under any circumstances in cases of Kidney and Bladder trouble. You should take something promptly that you know is reliable, something like DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are unequal for weak back, backache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, etc. When you ask for DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, be sure you get them. They are antiseptic. Accept no substitutes; insist upon getting the right kind. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

NOT RELIGION.

It Was Something Very Different That Animated Eliza.

Mrs. S. of New Orleans has for many years been faithfully served by an negro women who, although bound by the tie of common devotion to their mistress, yet detest each other heartily, so that the kitchen is the scene of continuous battle.

Martha, the cook, is a leading light in the church. At revival meetings she was always the first to occupy the mourners' bench, the first to shout "Hallelujah" and to fall into those contortions of body and outflinging of arms that to the African mean "getting religion." Eliza, the maid of all work on the other hand, had always been an unregenerate heathen, scoffing at religion, leering at Martha and declaring no power on earth could induce her to go inside a church. Great, therefore, was Mrs. S.'s surprise on the cessation of the last revival to find that it was Eliza and not Martha who was attending the meetings.

"Why, Martha," she exclaimed, "aren't you going to church?"

"No'm," answered Martha sullenly.

"Why?"

"'Cause dat Liza she goes now."

"But isn't there room for both of you?"

"No'm, dey ain't."

All Martha's pent-up indignation emphasized the answer.

"'Cause, Miss Mary, dat Liza she jes' goes ter spite me. No sooner I gits up to go to de mo'ners' bench dan Liza she follers me and sets down clost beside me, and befo' I has a chanst ter git 'ligion Liza she begins ter gyrate around and shout 'Glory hallelujah!' and she out wid her fists and hits me bim in de jaw, and she out wid her footses and kicks me spang in he shin. But I tell you 'tain't 'ligion Liza's got, Miss Mary; hit's robbitry."—New York Times.

MONTAGNAIS INDIANS.

They Are Hunters in the Strictest Sense of the Word.

During nine months of the year—fall, winter and spring—the Montagnais Indians of Canada spend their lives in the "bush," hunting and trapping for pelts and meats. Then in June they rendezvous at the particular Hudson Bay company post where they belong, trade off their hunt and settle down for rest and recreation until the middle of August, when they are off again for the winter. They have absolutely nothing to do with the cultivation of the soil, being hunters in the strictest sense of the word. The Indians who hunt about Lake Mistassini form a subtribe by themselves, having the same name as the lake, and their summer rendezvous is at the Hudson Bay company post on the lake. Those who hunt south of Mistassini on the shores and tributaries of the Ashuapmouchouan river bear the name of that stream. Those on the Nekoubi river bear its name, and those who hunt nearer Lake St. John are known by the Indian name of that lake, Pikouangami. All of these bands rendezvous on the west shore of Lake St. John, at Pointe Bleue, where the government has set aside a reserve and attempted to colonize the hunters and teach them to become farmers. East of Lake St. John is the Chicoutimi band, now much reduced, and northeast of them the Tadoussac band, both of which are to be found distributed over the French Canadian districts of the same names. There are several other bands farther down toward the gulf of St. Lawrence.—Southern Workman.

Bridled Brides.

Western brides have an easier time than their Abyssinian sisters. On the occasion of her marriage an Abyssinian bride has to change her skin. From ebony she has to become cafe au lait. To accomplish this the expectant bride is shut up in a room for three months. She is covered with wooden stuff, with the exception of her head; then they burn certain green and fragrant branches. The fumes which they produce destroy the original skin, and in its place comes the new skin, soft and clear as a baby's. The elders of the family feed the young woman with nutritive forcemeat balls.—Cape Colony Argus.

Dangerous Eggs.

A certain well known actor is always ready to assert that there are many untoward possibilities in his profession. "Really the public doesn't appreciate the vicissitudes of an actor's life," he said recently. "Now there was Wisham Brown, who went touring in South Africa. I met Wisham's cousin recently. 'Well, how is Wish?' said I. 'Wish?' said the cousin. 'Why, man, Wisham's dead!' 'Dead!' I cried. 'How did he die?' 'Pelted to death with eggs at Cape Town,' the cousin answered. 'But eggs don't kill,' said I. He smiled sadly and murmured, 'Ostrich eggs do.'"

Financial.

"Mother, how big must I grow to be in a bank, like uncle?" asked the small boy.

"Not very much," said his father, "for I have often seen in the papers that cashiers are short."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Useless.

"Mildred," murmured a fashionable young man, sinking on one knee, "for your birthday gift, I offer—myself."

"Thank you," was the cold reply, "but I only accept useful presents!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Vigor is contagious, and whatever makes us think or feel strongly adds to our power and enlarges our field of action.—Emerson.

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

HE COMPROMISED.

A Story John B. Gough Told In His Temperance Lectures.

John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, was noted as a story teller and his stories were always well suited to his argument. W. A. Mowry in his "Recollections of a New England Educator" recalls one of them:

"Compromise, compromise! What does compromise mean? I will tell you. A colored man met a friend one day and said:

"'Sumbo, Sumbo, do you know dat toder night I was sorely tempted? You know I used to steal. Well, since I j'ined de church I stopped stealing, but you know Mr. Jonsing's shoe store? Well, toder night I was in dat shoe store, and I looked on de shelf and I see a pair of boots, jes' de nicest pair of boots—jes' my size, No. 14.

"'Dere was de debil, and he say, "Take 'em, take 'em." Den de Lord say, "Let 'em alone; dat's stealin'." But I wanted dem boots; mine all out at de bottom and sides. Dere was de debil and me, and we both say, "Take 'em." But de Lord say, "Don't you take 'em; dat's stealin'." Now, dere was a clear majority of two against one.

"'Jes' den Mr. Jonsing he leab de store, and he leab me all alone. Den de debil say, "Take 'em quick and skedaddle." I could take dem boots and chuck 'em under my coat and go right away an' Mr. Jonsing would nebber know nothin' about it. But, bress de Lord, I 'stood de temptation! I compromised and took a pair of shoes instead."

HER LOST COAT.

The Sequel to a Ladies' Afternoon Card Party.

A number of women were putting on their wraps preparatory to going home from an afternoon card party in the upper residence district of New York one afternoon last winter when a valuable fur coat belonging to one of them could not be found. There was, however, another fur coat of inferior quality in the dressing room, which the hostess said had evidently been left by mistake by the woman who had taken the other garment. The available coat was taken away by the woman whose wrap was missing in the hope that the mistake would be rectified without much trouble.

Several days passed, and no claim was made for the coat the guest had worn away from the house, and the woman took it to a dealer, where her garment had been purchased, hoping that some mark on the substituted coat might be found by which the owner could be identified. The plan was successful, and, much to her amazement, she discovered that the inferior coat was the property of her card hostess.

The "loan" coat was found, and on its return the matter was to be hushed up, but the promise of silence was evidently poorly kept. No more invitations for afternoon card parties have been issued from the house where the "mistake" was made.—New York Tribune.

Maori Women.

Maori women of New Zealand know nothing about kissing. Nose rubbing is their form of salutation, and when two friends meet they hold each other by their hands, bend their heads until their noses touch and then rub them gently from side to side. This form of greeting is not confined to the women, but is practiced by the men. They seldom meet without rubbing noses. In times of lamentation the Maori woman will sit for hours with their noses touching and moan for the loss of some chief whom they have in all probability never seen. The loss of a brother or friend is enough to start them off for days, all moaning and howling piteously. They are essentially a sympathetic race, and the sorrows of one are the sorrows of all.

Too Good to Waste.

A churchgoer and a backslider met on the hillside. The churchgoer was bound double quick for the church at the foot. The backslider, oddly enough, was going up.

"Hi! You're going the wrong way!" called the churchgoer.

The backslider yelled back, but his answer was lost.

"Say," he demanded of the churchgoer the next day, "did you hear what I said?"

"No."

"Well, it's too good to waste. You said I was going the wrong way. I said you seemed to be going downhill pretty fast yourself."—New York Sun.

Gave Her Room.

A gentleman who had a very large nose while walking in a street in Leeds the other day was subject to a few remarks about it. The height of impudence, however, was reached when a woman stopped a few yards in front of him apparently to have a good look at it. The gentleman also stopped and, taking hold of his nose with his finger and thumb, pushed it on one side and calmly said:

"Now, then, missus, can you pass now?"

She went on.—London Tit-Bits.

A Pair of Bulls.

Here are a couple of Irish bulls. A son of Erin, seeing a very tiny coffin, exclaimed, "Is it possible that that coffin was intended for any living creature?" An Irish judge thus addressed a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

Artificial Beauty.

One reason why women suppose the men are fooled by artificial beauty is that most of the men are too gallant not to pretend that they don't know the difference.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Prophetic Dream Fulfilled.

It was stated at an inquest on a Dean Forest (England) collier, who had become entangled in the machinery, that on the previous night he woke up his wife and told her he had dreamed that while working with the machine an accident occurred and he had fallen into it.

LONG DELAYED PROPOSAL.

A Note in a Bouquet That Was For Years Unanswered.

One of the longest delayed proposals on record is related in a French story of a shy young subaltern who was ordered away to the wars. Not daring to speak, he sent a nosegay of yellow roses to the girl he loved, with a little note inside begging her if she returned his love to wear one of the flowers in her breast that night at the ball. She appeared without it, and he went away broken hearted.

Years afterward, when he was a tame old general, he again met his old love, now a white haired widow. One day his old sweetheart gently asked him why he had never married. "Madam," he answered somewhat sternly, "you ought to know best. If you had not refused to answer that note in the bouquet of yellow roses I might have been a happier man." "The note in the bouquet?" she repeated, growing pale.

She opened an old cabinet and took out from a drawer a shriveled bouquet of what had been yellow roses, among whose leafless stalks lurked a scrap of paper yellow with age. "See! I never had your note," she said, holding the bouquet up. "If I had I would not have answered it as 'you fancied.'" "Then answer it now," said the gallant old soldier. And the long delayed proposal was accepted at last.—London Telegraph.

Where Widows Commit Suicide.

Old customs die very hard in China, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, and in several parts of the Celestial empire it is still considered a high act of virtue for a woman to commit suicide after the death of her husband. Accordingly to the law, the proceeding is actually legal in some provinces, and such is the state of public opinion that in districts where it is officially prohibited the authorities rarely interfere. These extraordinary voluntary sacrifices may frequently be seen, and I myself saw one take place. The widow herself, clad in white, the Chinese mourning color; the gallows erected for the occasion and the immense crowd gathered to witness the gruesome spectacle made a picture which I shall never forget.

Crushing a Snob.

There is an anecdote of the earlier years of King Edward VII. which gives an interesting side light on his loyalty to his friends. It was in the billiard room of a private house in London where the then Prince of Wales had been dining. The royal guest was about to help himself to a cigar from a buffet when a nouveau riche, pushing forward, extended his cigar case, saying, "Try one of mine, sir; they are much better." The prince replied, with his proverbial urbanity, "My dear, sir, if my host's dinner is good enough for me his cigars certainly are too."

A White Elephant Party.

Invite each person to bring some article which is undesirable to its owner. Have each article neatly wrapped and made as deceptive in appearance as possible. At a given signal each guest exchanges his article for one belonging to some one else. He takes it to a secluded corner and opens it. If he finds he does not want to keep it he neatly wraps it again and exchanges it until he is satisfied. This makes lots of fun.—National Food Magazine.

Not So to His.

Jack—She is generous to a fault. Tom—Must be a mistake. I told her that I had a great many faults, and she said she knew it and hoped that I would refrain from calling on her in the future.—Somerville Journal.

Time For a Touch.

"How is your rich uncle, Tommy?"

"Very ill. I'm afraid he won't last long."

"Then you can lend me that $10 I asked you for last week."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Tastes Like More

That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes made from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Propr.

Smethport, Thursday April 22, 1909.

EDITOR MINER—Please announce that I am a candidate for Jury Commissioner, subject to the decisions of the Republican party at their primaries, June 12, 1909.

JAMES H. SPELL.

East Smethport, Pa., March 30, 1909.

WALTER SCOTT, otherwise known as "Death Valley Scott" and "Scotty the Spender" who created considerable notice a few years ago as a money spender is all in—broke. He says the quiet life suits him now.

JOE PATTEN has a corner on wheat that is causing a big rise in breadstuffs, but J. O. Armour and other big guns have turned in to put the cleaner on him and give the bread eator a show. They say there is no scarcity of wheat.

A TERRIBLE uprising has occurred in Adana, Asiatic Turkey, and it is reported that fully 4,000 people have been killed in Adana and vicinity. Armed Mohammedans have been pillaging and burning towns and the Armenia Christians are unable to offer effective resistance.

A BILL introduced in the Arkansas State Legislature makes football a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of from $100 to $500 and a year's imprisonment. While they are at it, the reformers in Arkansas should also do something to make murder in that State at least a theoretical misdemeanor.—Erie.

SPEAKING before a commission of inquiry, an officer of the French army made some sensational statements, regarding the power of a French shell known as the "75." He said no existing armor was able to resist the destructive qualities of this explosive, and cited the case of a shell entering the smokestack of a battleship and coming out below the water line.

A rum smuggling game that may have much larger proportions than appears on the surface is being investigated by William Loeb, Jr., collector of the port of New York. Already an offer of $500,000 has been made to settle the matter which has been refused. William C. Bainbridge, chief of the United States treasury's secret service in France, has committed suicide and left a statement that he did so because they were going to make a scapegoat of him.

Two methods for taxing billboards and other outdoor advertising are before the Massachusetts Legislature. One plan provides for an excise tax of ten cents a square foot on all outdoor advertisements displayed for more than seven consecutive days when the advertisements do not pertain to the place or property upon which they are located. The tax would be paid to the State and the highway commission would grant licenses for billboards, etc. The other plan proposes to tax billboards and the like as real estate, basing the tax on the advertising value of the boards. The tax would be determined by local special commissions, which also would have "authority to regulate and control the display of any or all outdoor advertising as public safety, morals or decent appearance may require."

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

President Taft desires to establish some form of organization, quasi-official in character, to act as a medium between the railroads of the country and the federal government, and it is characteristic of him that, before instituting any radical changes of administration, he should avail himself of the best legal talent at his command to prepare a thorough analysis of existing conditions and recommend such changes as are deemed advisable. The Attorney General, the Secretaries of the Interior and of Commerce and Labor, and the Solicitor General have been confided with the responsibility of working out the President's plan with regard to federal control of the railroads. The President has called the attention of the executive committee to the existence of such quasi-official bodies abroad and their usefulness in promoting cooperation between the government and public service corporations. For instance, in Great Britain boards of trade prepare certain data regarding recommendations concerning the reasonableness of rates, etc. The President called the attention of his advisors, also, to the fact that a single body charged simultaneously with quasi-judicial and administrative functions, as is now the case with the Interstate Commerce Commission, is constantly hampered in its efforts to ascertain the facts by the antagonism which is inevitably engendered as a result of its being compelled to conduct prosecutions. Members of the commission, for instance when seeking information from railroads, cannot avoid arousing the opposition which is the natural result of the fact that ultimately they may be compelled to sit in judgment on the acts of the very men from whom they ask information. The President deems it possible that some semi-official body, such as a national chamber of commerce or similar organization, might be able to relieve the Interstate Commerce Commission of a part of its duties as an investigating and prosecuting body, and he considers it essential to divorce the administrative and judicial functions of the commission. In short, he thinks it might be feasible to leave the commission with only judicial functions. The evils from the present system have been seriously considered by Mr. Taft, and he has indicated the trend of his views on the subject, but he desires that the officials named above shall study the subject carefully in order that when he comes to write his annual message he may be in possession of all the facts and in a position to make practical recommendations if legislation is needed.

The Philippine tariff bill which the President submitted to Congress this week is expected to prove of material value to the American exporter. Features of the old Spanish and Cuban tariffs which were vexatious and annoying to both exporter and importer, have been eliminated, and every effort has been put forth to make the administrative features simple and in conformity with United States tariff decisions and the decisions of the courts.

Mr. James J. Hill was a Capitol visitor this week and he declares that his visit had nothing to do with the tariff, that he was here for the sole purpose of arranging for a trip through the United States of thirty representative Japanese business men, with a hope that a more definite knowledge of American and American business conditions will increase the commercial friendship between the two nations. The business men are expected to leave Japan in time for the Alaska-Yukon Exposition, and afterwards will make an extensive trip in the United States, and representatives of commercial bodies from the larger cities of the northwest will accompany them in this tour. Mr. Hill consulted with the President regarding the visit of the foreigners.

The creation of a tariff bureau, presumably as a part of the Treasury Department, is already a part of the Aldrich scheme for the administrative portion of the tariff bill, and it is, therefore reasonable to suppose that the amendment offered in the Senate this week by Senator Beveridge to create a tariff commission for seven members, etc., will be adopted, in so far as it is in accordance with the views of the chairman of the Finance Committee. The disposition of this committee is to make such a bureau purely clerical without authority to take any steps which would promote tariff changes or that could be used as a basis for unfavorable criticism of the action of Congress. Mr. Beveridge's amendment provides that the commission shall procure all available information regarding foreign customs tariff and prepare such data in suitable form of the maximum and minimum features of the new tariff act and this is in accordance with the views of President Taft.

One Election a Year.

The State Senate passed finally the joint resolution proposing the necessary amendments to the constitution for the abolishment of the annual February election. The people will vote on the question next November. If the vote is then favorable there will be one more February election—that of 1910.

On Tuesday following the first Monday in November, 1911, candidates for county, city, ward, borough, township, and election district officers will be known as the "Municipal Election" and will be held in each odd-numbered year.

The "General Election" will be held the Tuesday following the first Monday in November in even-numbered years, and at it state officers only will be chosen.

The amendments extend the terms of all officers, whose term of office is now three years, to four years.

There is a special provision, however, that the State Treasurer elected in 1909 shall hold office for three years and that his successor will be elected in 1912 for a term of four years. And the same rule will likely apply to the Auditor General to be elected next fall.

There is little doubt, says an exchange, that the people will favor this change, for it will make a saving of about one-half the expenses of holding elections in the state and will answer every purpose. The proposition is on the whole an excellent one.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport, for the week ending April 17, 1909:

Allen, J. S.
Brook, Peter.
Estry, Mrs. Carrie.
Hussman Co., C. E.
McCarthy, Miss Nona.
Box 113.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address,

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

For Sale Cheap.

Two wood stoves in good condition One dress form as good as new, Dining table, gas range and sewing machine. Will be sold very cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. Frank W. Backus, East Main street.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

What the World Owes a Man and What a Man Owes the World.

The supposed indebtedness of the world to a man has often been reduced to specific terms but many a man has had the feeling that his failure was the world's fault, not his own, and that the world somehow, somewhere, ought to be compelled to pay for its callous indifference to his personal welfare. Some men spend a good deal of time wondering or discussing whether life is worth living. Other men are so busy living that they don't care to take time out for the discussion of the question. It is not the workers, the men who carry forward the world's business, who indulge in speculation as to the extent of the world's indebtedness to themselves. It is the men who drive no business but sedulous speculation, like the endless day dreaming of the Indian faker, which comes out of the same door as that by which it entered.

If the man has something to sell which is of market value the world will buy it from him and pay him for it. It is a perfectly fair and straight business transaction. A man has no more right to expect the world to purchase from him what it does not want than he has to expect an individual customer to purchase an unnecessary article. No self respecting man, unless sheer necessity compels him, will demand that the world shall mingle charity with business and pay him for something it cannot use.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Alternative.

"If the widow had been eight feet from the ground," pouted the young wife, "instead of eight stories, I'd have thrown myself out when you quarreled with me. Then you'd have had to be sweet to me when you picked me up. A lot of wives attempt suicide, they say, just to be petted when they come to."

"Yes," said he, "but sometimes they don't come to, remember."—New York Press.

Herrick Agency Sales.

The E. W. Shepard farm of 80 acres, located one mile from Wellsville, N. Y., was sold on Friday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Lee Harder of Alma, N. Y., who will take possession at once.

The E. L. Woodruff farm of 201 acres, located one mile east of Cuba, N. Y., was sold on Saturday through the Herrick Agency to Frank C. Chamberlin of Eldred, Pa. There are two sets of buildings, one in New York, the other in Pennsylvania, the farm straddling the state line. The trade included stock and quick possession.

Maple Syrup.

I have 50 gallons Chautauqua county, New York, Maple Syrup for sale. It is fine. Call, telephone or write.

A. T. PALMER,
201 Water St.

Here are Some Money Making Opportunities.

The G. C. Fagnan drug store in Bradford, Pa., good location, fine business, invaluable prescription list, splendid pharmacist in charge who will remain, or take working interest. Reason for selling is death of owner. About $7,500 takes it and it's a bargain.

Feed, hay and produce warehouse and office on Erie railroad switch in Friendship, N. Y., with complete equipment. Death of owner makes it necessary to sell. Fine opportunity for live man. Everything for $1,600. Only $600 cash. Fine chance to put in feed mill.

Genesee House in Genesee, Pa., live town on two railroads. Modern hotel of 38 rooms, fine repair, gas, water and sewer, completely furnished, license, fine barn. Annual business $20,000. Price for hotel and furnishings only $13,000, one-fourth cash, rest easy.

Grand Central Hotel in Galeton, Pa., centrally located, 15 room brick, finely furnished, business of $15,000 a year. Small barn and extra lot go with it. This is what hotel men call a mint. Only $12,500. About half cash, time on balance.

Hotel Edgecomb in Galeton, Pa., live town of 5000. This is leading commercial hotel, 50 rooms, gas and water, well furnished, good barn, ¾ acre land. Annual business $20,000, license. Price only $12,000. Terms $5000 cash, balance $1,000 a year. Ill health makes it necessary for the owner to retire from this fine business.

Country store, 6 miles from Canisteo, N. Y., doing business of $16,000 a year. Good building, fine living rooms, nice country. Postoffice in store. Everything for about $5,300, reasonable terms.

Established creamery and cheese factory combined at Portville, N. Y., on Pennsylvania railroad. Output from June to November last, 36,000 pounds and 52,000 pounds cheese. Natural gas for power, fine water, good equipment and building. Everything for $3,500, easy terms or will exchange for a farm or village property.

We have 115 money making farms for sale right. Send to-day for our free April list.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed free; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Book C 1, World's Largest Farm Dealers, Land Title Bldg., Phila.

The Oxford Sack

Copyright 1908 by Michaels-Stern & Co. Rochester, N. Y.

Michaels-Stern

designs are invariably graceful and distinctive, giving the wearer a combination of breeding and fashion that cannot be otherwise than a social or business asset.

The model suggested and herewith illustrated is one of the season's new suits, with a 3-button, snug-fitting coat. We will guarantee you a smile of pleasure the moment you try it on.

We have every size in this most desirable model.

H. W. RUBIN

SMETHPORT, PA.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

If you want

City Trimmed Millinery

Give me a call.

MAY CHADWICK,
Odesser Building,
EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

Psalm of Life—Continued.

"Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts tho' stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral Marches to the grave."

Our surgical appliances, rubber goods, and all druggist sundries have been known to save lives innumerable. A new and complete line at

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12 1-2c per Square Foot.

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 10,000
Bonds	187,312
Loans	670,880
Cash	22,631
Due from Banks	88,514
	$988,811

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000
Surplus	100,000
Undivided Profits	31,701
Deposits	657,112
	$988,814

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

Lath and Shingles

General Planing Mill Work

H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Smethport's New School

Have you visited the new Smethport Branch of the Bradford Business College? Expert instruction. Terms very reasonable. Call and see us.

Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.

Evening sessions Monday and Wednesday from 8 to 10 p. m., and daily from 2 to 4 p. m.

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

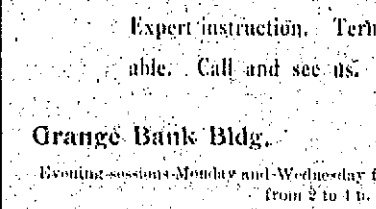
McCoy's Drug Store

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you

ANDORFER & LYLE'S



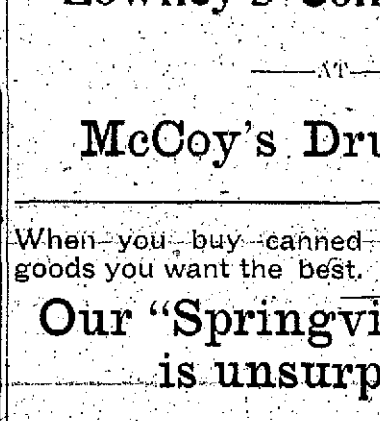
GAS ENGINE OILS

—WAVERLY—

GAS ENGINE OIL a superior oil for Gas Engine lubrication. Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Absolute freedom from Carbon, leaves no deposit. Light in color—flows easily. WAVERLY never smuts, clogs or gums, but keeps your motor in perfect running order. For your protection—ask any dealer.

"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."

Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Oil Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.


Marlin
A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured
For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.
Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.
There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.
The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE SPECIALTY.

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford** SMETHPORT

The LINDHOLM COMPANY,

SMETHPORT, PA.

IN PRESENTING to our patrons the Spring Styles in our Suit and Coat department we feel that we are prepared to meet your wants with assortments and varieties to suit every individual taste.

With each succeeding season we have increased the volume of our business in ready-to-wear garments and this allows us to cater more largely to our patrons.

Selections have been made from manufacturers who can be depended upon to produce right styles at right prices.

We are convinced that all the materials, linings and trimmings on our garments will give proper wear, and we cheerfully add our guarantee to that of the manufacturer, that this can be depended upon in all our lines.

We ask you to inspect the Spring Garments now here and note the beautiful new cloths and the proper shades.

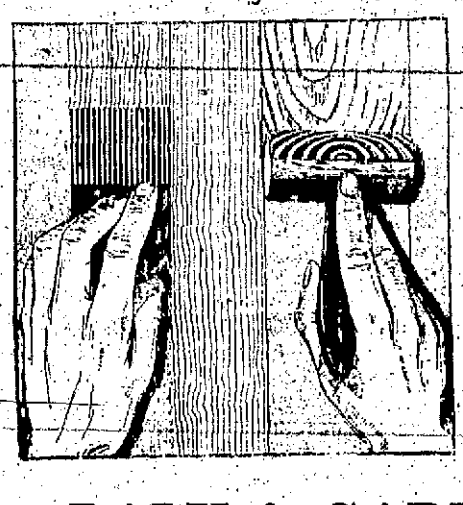
SUITS AT

$17.50, 19.00, 22.00, 25.00, 27.50, 30.00, 35.00

Spring styles of Patrician Oxfords now ready for you

Daly & Garlick's.

A Hardwood Floor of any Color
You may Choose for $2.50



[illegible] are in no [illegible] to be imposed upon by the [illegible] Rubber Roofing [illegible] Co.'s new patented Graining Tool [illegible]

The process does not require the services of a professional wood finisher.

The Graining Tool takes the place of skill and can be successfully used by the inexperienced man or woman, thus making it possible for any one at a very slight expense to enjoy the luxury of a new hard wood floor.

This Graining Compound, when protected by over two coats of Clear Varnish produces a surface that will not wear [illegible] [illegible]

DALY & GARLICK,

Hamilton Block.

McKean County Miner,

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 22, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The tale of a fish—how it grows.

—See what Daly & Garlick have to say in this issue.

—A band of gypsies passed through town yesterday morning.

—May Chadwick has a millinery advertisement in this issue.

—The I. O. O. F. band serenaded at Farmers Valley last Sunday.

—Another Psalm of Life appears in A. B. Armstrong's space this week.

—At the present time there are four women prisoners in the Potter county jail.

—Skirts and bed quilts are advertised by Fry & Comes in their usual space this week.

—Boyle and his alleged wife, the Mercer county kidnapers, will be tried next week.

—"Rattlesnake Pete" of Rochester, has again been bitten and cured himself without any bad effects.

—Other nearby towns are getting ready for baseball. Is Smethport going to do anything along this line?

—On Sunday last 30 persons were baptised by the Rev. W. A. Harris and over 40 were received into the church on probation.

—On Friday last Judge Joseph W. Bouton caught a 13½ inch rainbow trout on Blacksmith brook, the largest of the season thus far.

—The I. O. O. F. band serenaded many of our townspeople last Saturday. This band is fast forging to the front and will soon be among the best in this section.

—W. R. Vontres was notified the forepart of the week that his brother together with his wife and daughter, had lost their lives in a hotel fire at Lennox, Mass., in which eight lives were lost the forepart of the week. W. R. Vontres went to Lennox to attend the funeral.—Port Allegany Argus.

—The excursion trains over the P., S. & N. R. R. to St. Marys had good crowds last Sunday. Very few from Smethport participated.

—The Rev. W. A. Harris is in Olean to-day as a member of the committee for the arrangement of the program for the Summer Ministers' Meeting for Olean District.

—The big I. O. O. F. celebration for McKean and Elk counties will be held at Kane next Monday. Smethport Lodge and Smethport I. O. O. F. band will participate in the event.

—A big ice gorge in the Niagara river threatens to do great damage to Niagara Falls, Lewiston and Youngstown and unless the jam is broken soon it is feared that the course of the river will be changed and Niagara Falls with all her power plants will be destroyed.

—"Polly of the Circus," with Miss Edith Talinferro in the leading role will be at the Bradford Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening. This is an extremely strong play and Smethport theatre goers should take advantage of the matinee opportunity and see it.

—Dr. F. C. Pierce, the well known dentist, has recently placed in his office a new and improved machine for casting gold fillings. These fillings can be easily placed in badly decayed teeth in a very easy, satisfactory and permanent way, avoiding the use of the rubber dam, and the unpleasant process of pounding in the gold.

—The Hadley moving picture entertainment given at the Lyceum Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Smethport I. O. O. F., band drew a fair-sized house but not large enough for the band to make any money. Mr. Hadley has a great many good pictures but the lighting apparatus was such that they gave very poor satisfaction to those who were present.

—Yesterday a deal was consummated by which the business, good will and equipment of the Eldred Powder company was transferred to the Du Pont Powder Company. The Eldred company has been engaged in business in this and other oil fields for many years. Amos Brown will have employment with the Du Pont company, says yesterday's Era.

—The borough council is busy getting a proper sidewalks ordinance in shape. As we understand it nothing but stone, concrete or brick laid in concrete will be allowed in the future except in extraordinary cases when board walks would be more practical. On Main street walks shall not be less than five feet wide except at the extreme ends.

—William Russell Johnston, one of the boys who were burned so horribly in the School street explosion, died of his injuries last night at 10:10 o'clock, at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Johnston, No. 77 State street. The lad was 12 years of age and a bright, active, lovable little fellow who was a general favorite in the neighborhood.—To-day's Era.

—Mrs. Greely and her sister, Miss Sadie Tinker, were lodged in the jail at Coudersport last week on the charge of running a disorderly house at Gideton. The part of this story which is most sorrowful is that Mrs. Greely has a six-year-old son and a three-months-old babe. The baby is in jail with her and the little boy was almost heartbroken when he was taken from her to the county home.

—The change in the time card on the Pennsylvania Railroad is anything but pleasing to the people of Smethport. The taking off the 10:01 a. m. train south and the 4:03 p. m. train north practically puts the Pennsylvania Railroad off the map so far as Smethport passenger traffic is concerned, and is a rank injustice to this place. The K. & S. will meet some of the trains at Larabee but it is not the kind of service Smethport deserves.

—Harry Brown, a Reading railroad brakeman, was saved from death after a fall from a train by means of a tiny torch made from cigarette paper. Brown fell from his train near Harrisburg Tuesday morning and broke his leg. While lying on the track, benumbed by cold and suffering intense pain he was unable to attract attention. Finally he found a package of cigarette papers in his pocket and twisted the paper into small torches lighted several and attracted the attention of some trainmen.

—One of the finest catches of trout brought into Smethport in a long time were caught by Guy H. McCoy and his father-in-law, Rev. Dunbar, last Thursday and Friday. They had about 125 trout, weighing about 16 pounds. Many of the fish measured from 10 to 12 inches in length. Before one gets excited over this big catch and starts out with the determination of duplicating it, they should remember that these gentlemen are two of the best anglers in the country and that they worked from early dawn till late in the evening to accomplish this feat.

—Bishop Whitehead will administer Confirmation at St. Luke's church on Saturday next at 7:30 p. m. On Sunday there will be celebrations of the Holy Communion at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Matins 10 o'clock and Evening Prayer, 7:30. Offerings for the Bishop's Charity Fund. A reception will be given for the Bishop and the Rector, in the Parish House, after the service on Saturday evening. A general and cordial invitation is given to the people of this place to attend the reception. The Rev. Mr. McCandless retires from the Rectorship of St. Luke's after next Sunday. Rev. Smith of Troy, N. Y., will be present.

—"Keep it out of the paper," is the cry which the local newspaper publisher daily hears. To oblige often costs considerable, though the party who makes the request thinks the granting scarcely worth saying thank you for. A newspaper is a peculiar thing in the public's eye. The news gatherer is stormed at because he gets hold of one item and abused because he does not get another. Young men, often young women, perform acts which often become legitimate items for publication, and then rush to the newspaper office and beg the editor not to notice their escapades. The next day they condemn the same paper for not having published another party doing the same thing they were guilty of, forgetting apparently their late visit to the printing office.—Ex.

Personal Mention.

John Haffner visited relatives in Clermont over Sunday.

Mrs. W. F. Specht was visiting Kane relatives Saturday.

Wm. H. Morrison was in Bradford on business Saturday.

John P. Devlin passed Sunday with friends in Bradford.

N. H. Knapp left to-day for Buffalo to receive treatment.

Hon. James A. McKean returned Friday from Harrisburg.

Mrs. J. Clayton Backus was an Eldred visitor Saturday.

Mrs. S. F. Redfield retured home Friday from Syracuse, N. Y.

Ben Schooler of Buffalo visited his parents in town this week.

Miss Margaret Durst left Tuesday for her new home in Coudersport.

T. F. Mullin of Bradford had business in town the first of the week.

Orlo J. Hamlin was in Buffalo on business Tuesday and Wednesday.

Frank Digel of Farmers Valley was a pleasant caller at this office Friday.

Mrs. Emil John of Eldred is visiting her sister Mrs. J. C. Backus this week.

Mrs. L. J. Austin of Olean, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. O. H. Gleason for a few days.

Mrs. Steve McClafferty of Mt. Jewett was the guest of her parents in town this week.

Mrs. J. V. McAlpin was the guest of Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son, John, returned to their home in Erie, Pa., Monday.

Mr. and Bart R. VanScoy of Candor, N. Y., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. A. Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harris and Mrs. Bart R. VanScoy spent Monday in Bradford and Rock City.

Miss Alice Connelly has returned from Coudersport where she has been the guest of her sister for the past week.

F. J. Shattuck of Limesville, Pa., arrived in town Friday and is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Harry L. Backus.

Walter Breitamus returned Saturday from Cleveland, Ohio, where he has been employed for the past two weeks.

Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Van Dyke of Pittsburg were the guests of relatives and friends in town the first of the week.

Contest.

The High School contest between Mr. Jewett and Smethport is scheduled for Friday, April 30. This contest is for second place in the McKean County Literary League which is now held by the local school. The winner of this contest will have the right to contest with the Kane High School for the cup at the next session of the institute. The Smethport contestants are now a good account of themselves. The following are the Smethport contestants.—Debate, Walter Apple and J. Donald Hogarth; Recitation, Theo Freeman; Essay, Katherine Mayo; Oration, Paul Apple. On this occasion music will be furnished by the High School chorus, the Boy's Glee Club and the High School Male Quartette. Tickets will be put on sale at Wells' Drug Store on Wednesday the 28th at 9 o'clock. The prices will be 25 and 35 cents.

Notice.

A new train on the K. & S. leaves Smethport, Pa., Washington St., 4:50 p. m., daily, except Sunday, making connections at Larabee with P. R. R. train No. 51 arriving at Olean 5:52 p. m., Buffalo 7:45 p. m. Leave Buffalo 7:30 a. m., Olean 10:05 a. m., arriving at Smethport, Washington St. 11:25 a. m.

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Materials are Voiles and Panamas.

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FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

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A CONSPIRACY

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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"You may come along if you want to, but I should think you'd hate to be always tagging," Berta said, with a small, insolent laugh. Berta was a beauty and a belle. Linda, her sister, older by two years, was neither.

According to the countryside, Linda was even ugly.

People who were all for roses and dimples and sunshiny smiles saw no beauty in Linda's olive complexion, her severely classic profile and the slim figure, which they called thin.

She did not smile much, and she laughed so rarely in public that gossip said she did not know how. Before she was sixteen she had been set down as a predestined spinster.

It was far otherwise with Berta, who was a damask rose embodied in adorable flesh and blood. Linda at twenty-one had never had a beau. Berta's conquests could not be reckoned upon all her fingers.

At first Berta liked to have Linda go out with her, finding in her dark pallor a foil for her own charms. But after awhile she grew in a strange, unaccountable way resentful of Linda. It seemed a reflection on the family that its elder daughter was so nearly a social cipher. At least that was what Berta told herself. Everybody feels the sovereign need for a good excuse to justify an unkind action.

Not for worlds would she have admitted to herself her feeling really had its origin in certain praises of Linda spoken by a man whom she herself had resolved to marry.

Alston Wade was the man. He was the catch of the county. He lived twenty miles away and had not known the Lee girls until six months before. Then they had met at the county fair, and after that they had not been able to go anywhere without finding him there. Not that they objected. Wade was the kind of man to whom no one could object—not even a young woman predestined to spinsterhood.

Linda danced but rarely; therefore Berta had well nigh monopolized Alston's attention. He had made opportunities, for all that, to talk with Linda and had even been unwise enough to tell Linda's sister that she rested and cheered him as might a fresh and fragrant breeze.

Berta had vowed that Linda was truly the dearest old thing. When they were home again and for weeks thereafter she did not spare the dearest old thing one possible pin prick.

"You won't be lonesome. All the old maids in town are sure to be at the Ansleys'," she ran on as they stepped into the carriage. She had been hoping Linda would not go to the lawn party. It was the first of the season. Nobody but Peggy Ansley would have risked such a thing thus early, even though May had come in summer warp.

"It would be better if you'd put on a black frock, a short one, and a white apron. Then you could help serve things," she went on.

Linda smiled gravely. "And you could have worn my chip hat," she replied, with a faint twinkle. "I know it's almost as becoming to you as you are to it. But I'm getting to be selfish as I grow older."

"The hat doesn't matter. If people see me they never think of what I have on," said Berta. "I'm not just part of the scenery, like some people."

Linda flushed and made a motion toward the carriage door, almost as if she would leave it in a moment; however, she sank back on the cushion, saying evenly: "Well, after all, the scenery has its uses. Anyway, I'm going to have the best time I can. As you say, I shan't be lonesome. Peggy says she's asked everybody in town over six months old."

"Yes, I know it'll be the same as a Sunday school picnic. I fully expect to see you marching about looking like the head of an orphan asylum," Berta commented spitefully. Linda only smiled again. After a minute she said very slowly: "At least I'll escape tugging that way. And you mustn't be spiteful if for once I have more followers than you."

Soon they rolled through the Ansley gates in sight of green lawns, flower decked and soft as velvet. Knots of people flecked the turf, the women brave in light spring garments and even the men showing hints of the season's enlivening in their more sober attire.

Children ran around picking flowers unbidden or flung them down to roll ecstatically on the grass. Berta lost her scowl at the sight. She was a woman for all her hard ambitions.

Linda longed to gather the toddlers in her arms and carry them off to fairyland. She controlled herself and walked decorously among them, only stopping now and then to pat a tousled curly head.

She had on a rose pink frock, with smothers of fine lace at throat and wrists. Somehow, in spite of Berta's taunts her spirits had risen until her mood matched her appearance.

More than one person looked after her, half startled, as she passed along. Young men for the most part made a rush for Berta and hung about her as she moved, but more than one, dropping out, said inwardly, "Linda's nearly as pretty this afternoon."

All unconscious of looks and unspoken thought, Linda went on to the farther edge, where the older people were established in garden chairs or upon settles. They were talking and laughing among themselves.

There were less than a dozen of them, all lifelong friends or enemies. A little apart from them sat a white haired woman smiling at the scene happily, but quite aloof. Evidently she was a stranger. Instinctively Linda sat down beside her, saying, with a smile, "If you would rather not talk I'll be as still as a mouse."

"But I want to talk very much," the white haired lady replied. "It's hard enough to be only a looker-on when you know everybody and can see under the surface. I know nobody here except the man who brought me. Bringing me was a whim of his, and I never cross his whims. He knows Mrs. Ansley—in fact, she is a sort of family connection. And he is coming back to me after awhile. I think he has something on his mind that he wants to get off."

"How delightful! I feel as if I were sharing a conspiracy," Linda answered, with a soft smile.

The strange lady leaned across and patted her hand, saying impulsively: "It is a conspiracy, and you shall know how it ends after it ends. But now tell me who is who and all about everybody. I dare ask that because from your face I know you never tell the things people would rather were left unsaid."

"I'm a rank impostor. It's all my pink frock," Linda said, pretending to whisper. "In reality I'm awfully grump and grim. I'm beginning to sympathize with the woman who said she was never entirely at peace with God and man except when she felt entirely well dressed."

"So your soul has on its pink frock, too," the strange lady said, with a glimmering smile. Linda nodded. "And I am glad," she said briefly. "I am half ready to promise myself never to wear black nor to feel black again. It's such a shame when there are the flowers and little children and good friends to make living worth while."

"You'll make it worth while wherever you go," the white haired lady said, with conviction. "Now quit being angelic and turn gossip. Remember, I don't know anybody or anything about anybody."

Linda began eagerly to tell the tale of guests. Now and again her listener nodded at a name, tapped her fingers in her palm and said to herself, "I used to know the father," or, "I can see the favor of the mother." Evidently she was somebody newly returned to once familiar ground.

Still Linda had no suspicion of her identity until she saw Alston Wade coming quickly toward them. All at once it flashed upon her that his mother had been fifteen years away with a daughter who had married a foreigner and gone to live abroad.

Alston had Berta beside him, and Berta was more vivaciously beautiful than ever. Yet some shade fell over her radiance as they approached near enough to see who sat beside Mrs. Wade.

As soon as Alston had presented Berta to his mother she said impatiently to Linda: "Peggy Ansley is hunting high and low for you. Run away to her. You know she depends on you to help her with things."

"We will go together. I also am going to help," Alston said, taking Linda's hand. "Mother, I'm sure Miss Berta will be very, very kind to you, although," dropping his voice significantly, "she can't make up to you for losing Linda, because nobody can possibly do that."

"Have you managed to get the question off your mind, my boy?" Mrs. Wade asked, with seeming irrelevance, but a meaning smile. And her son answered, with an ardent look at Linda: "Yes; it is quite off my mind. But there's another question, a very much more important one, that Linda must settle for me right away."

"I told her she should hear the end of the conspiracy," Mrs. Wade said, laughing. Her son paused a second to say over his shoulder, "She can't rest content with simply hearing it, because she herself is the end."

The Licorice Shrub.

The licorice shrub is like the hazel, growing to the height of four or five feet, and the root is the only part that has value. It is found in damp, sandy places, chiefly along the banks of rivers around the Caspian sea, and is dug by peasant women, who earn from 10 to 15 cents a day working for the licorice collectors. The root sells for a few cents a pound in the raw state. The larger part is shipped in that condition, but about 20 per cent of the product is boiled and crushed, and the juice is made into the hard black paste such as can be bought in the drug stores. In 1848 an Italian began to cultivate licorice, and since that time many people have adopted the industry because the cultivated root contains much more sap than that of the wild plant and costs very little more. The only attention necessary is to keep the soil loosened and well watered. The cultivated licorice brings much higher prices in the market and produces a much greater quantity of paste in proportion.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Origin of the Opera.

In one sense the opera is one of the oldest forms of entertainment, for its origin is to be found in the old Greek drama. In its modern sense, however, it dates from the year 1600, when Peri produced the first true Italian opera to grace the festivities of the marriage of Henry IV. of France and Marie de' Medici. The work attracted great attention, and many Italian nobles figured in the cast. In France the opera was the outcome of the ballet and in England of the masque. Purcell is entitled to the honor of producing the first real English opera, although one of Ben Jonson's masques was set to music as early as 1617.

PLUCKING BATS.

A French Industry Fast Dying Out.

"I once had lots of fun [illegible] frames a day," said a [illegible] to hibernate in the winter. We'd go out to say to them that they fell into a kind of drugged sleep. In this here sleep, allowin' together in big bunches, they hang from the roofs of caves or the inside of chimneys. Sech is. I was down on my luck. I was studyin' art in them days—a resolution power in the Latin quarter of Cart-shay, as we used to say, gav me a job of bat pluckin'.

"He showed me the ropes the first day. I soon got on to it. It was dead easy. Just go into a cave you know locate a bunch of bats and then pinch 'em one at a time like grapes and drop 'em in your burlap bag. All that winter I'd set out from the Cart-shay with my big bag in the mornin' and on toward night you'd see me staggerin' back along the Bull Meesh, as we called the Boulevard Michel, loaded down with hibernatin' bats.

"'You don't feed those to your clientele, Jacques?' I said to the boss one night.

"'Maybe—oh, yes,' said he. 'They always figure in our farfamed one franc dinner.'

"I gave him a reproachful look.

"'Hat's meat is excellent,' he says. 'The meat is pink and very fine. Fried in butter with a parsley sauce, the gourmets in the Cafe Anglais could never, never tell it from venison.'

"'You wouldn't catch me eatin' it,' says I.

"He chuckled and nudged me in the ribs.

"'No?' says he. 'No? And yet, mon vieux, the bat largely figures in our excellent five sou navarin that you so dearly love!'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LINCOLN'S IRONY.

His Reply to a Petition For a Dishonest Boy's Pardon.

The Hon. Alexander H. Rice once paid a visit to President Lincoln on behalf of a Boston boy who had been imprisoned for robbing his employer's letters. After reading the petition, signed by many citizens of Boston, the president stretched himself in his chair and asked Mr. Rice if he had met a man going downstairs.

"Yes, Mr. President," replied Mr. Rice.

"His errand," said the president, "was to get a man pardoned out of the penitentiary, and now you have come to get a boy out of jail." Then, with characteristic humor, Mr. Lincoln continued: "I'll tell you what it is, we must abolish these courts or they will be the death of us. I thought it had enough that they put so many men in the penitentiary for me to get out, but if they have now begun on the boys and the jails and have roped you into the delivery let's after them!

"They deserve the worst fate," he went on, "because, according to the evidence that comes to me, they pick out the very best men and send them to the penitentiary, and this present petition shows they are playing the same game on the boys and sending them all to jail. The man that you met on the stairs affirmed that his friend in the penitentiary is a most exemplary citizen, and Massachusetts must be a happy state if her boys out of jail are as virtuous as this one appears to be who is in.

"Yes, down with the courts and deliverance to their victims, and then we can have some peace!"—Boston Post.

The French Schoolboy's Hard Day.

French children are often on their way to school a little after 7 o'clock in the morning. If they have concluded their lessons by 9 o'clock in the evening it is only by dint of great application. Young men studying for the higher professions have appointments with their tutors at 5 o'clock in the morning in summer time; otherwise they cannot accomplish the mountain of work that lies before them. In all branches of art the labor of the tyro is immense. At the conservatory the strenuous life is carried to a point which provokes the astonishment even of laborious German students.—Pall Mall Gazette.

How High a Tiger Can Jump.

For the benefit of the prospective big game hunters a correspondent finally disposes of the theory that a tiger is unable to jump to any height from all fours. He records that he took refuge in a tree from a particular tiger. The beast, however, jumped up to him, "like an India rubber ball, a good seven feet," and it was only "by letting go with my right and ramming both barrels down his mouth that I did not have a very bad time of it."

The moral evidently is that when avoiding a tiger it is necessary to find a tree with its lowest branch at least sixteen feet from the ground.—India Field.

Compensation.

"I must have an iron bedstead," declared a tourist at an inn.

"Sir," answered Boniface, "I am sorry there ain't a single iron bedstead in the 'ouse. But you will find the mattresses very nice and 'ard, sir!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Concession.

She—You don't allow me to do anything I want! If it goes on much longer I shall go home to mamma. He—That I will allow you to do.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Hill and a Pill.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up, and the other is hard to get down.

The boughs that bear most hang the lowest.—Virgil.

THE TRAGEDY OF BEING TWENTY-EIGHT.

By STUART B. STONE.

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Colonel John Andrew Findlay was a swaggering, young dog of sixty, and Mr. Thomas, his son, was as old as twenty-eight.

The colonel had proposed just eight times to Miss Edwina Lincoln, his delightful little, scampergrace of a wealthy ward, whereas Mr. Thomas, being all of twenty-eight and extremely serious, would never have dreamed of the thing.

The colonel began the business when Miss Edwina began to stick up her chestnut hair, as do young ladies when they attain detectable sixteen. The colonel, though fifty-five at the time, had nothing to his credit in the way of discovery, invention or production; but, then, the colonel did not stop for a little thing like that.

"I know I'm old"—explained Colonel John Andrew, and Miss Edwina interrupted:

"You're not—you're not old!" she cried in heated delight, for they were comrades of years and had enjoyed many great times together.

"Then," said the colonel, optimistic as Old King Cole, "you will have me, Edwina, when you are a little older?"

Edwina laughed and half cried, informed the colonel that he was a dear old classmate of Methuselah and ended up by kissing him, while he patted the newly heaped lady hair. After that Edwina sought out Master Thomas, pottering about his maze of a mathematical theory.

"How old are you, Tom?" she asked, though she knew, like A B C.

"Twenty-three," answered Tom, soberly as he went on figuring. "Twenty-three," he repeated, with a solemn look at Edwina, perched upon a table of unsolved formulæ. "Getting older every day, Edwina, and nothing to show for the years." He glowered at her like Jupiter displeased, and she went out and dimmed her big brown eyes with tears.

The colonel continued to entertain the fondest, rose tinted hopes, which he carefully announced as often as possible. Miss Edwina persisted in becoming more entrancingly lovely day by day. Tom went on working over stupid figures. And when Edwina, radiant and bewitching with the glory of another year cast behind with the despised giddiness of childhood, came to announce her seventeenth birthday the colonel proposed again. He couldn't help it—dear soul. Edwina tweaked his nose, pulled him an ethereal little kiss and scampered from the room.

"By the eternal!" murmured Colonel John Andrew when she left him with his hands still in the attitude of dramatic pleading. "Now, wouldn't she and I make a pair of high steppers in the beauty show on the avenue of evenings?" Then he tiptoed over to an old trunk and looked for a long while at the picture of a kindly, faded lady in a locket.

Edwina had gone to the library, where she lolled upon a desk covered with gay equations in algebra.

"Tom," she asked softly, "did you know I was seventeen?"

Tom nodded. "Yes, I know, Edwina. I'm keeping track of these things."

"Tom"—she persisted, and he ceased his calculations and turned his dark, solemn eyes on her.

"Tom," she asked, "are you ever—do you expect ever to get married?"

Tom blushed and turned away to his papers. "I am twenty-four, Edwina," he declared in slightly trembling tones, "and I have achieved nothing. How could I think of—"

He stopped at that, and Edwina slipped up to her pinkish boudoir and wept softly for perhaps five minutes.

When Edwina ripened into a charming eighteen and after the colonel's third fervent proposal the light in her brown eyes, the gold brown glint of her hair and the note of her clear young voice became a topic here and there, and wooers could no longer be held back from the threshold.

The colonel eyed them balefully, then slapped them on their young backs and adjured the best man to win Master Tom, with the tragedy of twenty-five, six and seven bowling his handsome curly head, worked with his noxious mathematics and worried over the respective merits of Edwina's army of sighing Romeo chaps.

And Edwina coquetted, mercifully as possible, with the whole idolatrous band, refusing Colonel John Andrew as often as twenty times a month and extending delicious sympathy to Master Tom in his struggle with Old Time, the scytheman.

Of course the time had come when Edwina became all of twenty-one and unhampered mistress of a really respectable fortune. The event was signalized by a masterful proposal on the part of the colonel and by a little spit spat of an interview between Edwina and Tom in the dull library. Master Tom was twenty-eight—twenty-eight mind you, he had declared, with a sigh, and Edwina, slamming the door remarked that he acted as if he were a hundred and twenty-eight. And Tom, much puzzled, allowed a precious mathematical thought to evaporate while he sought out Colonel John Andrew.

"It is about Edwina's future," began Tom. "She is twenty-one now, and I am worried."

"Oh, don't worry!" exploded the colonel. "I never did in my life, and look at me." And the colonel noted in the mirror how kindly the scythe bearer really had been to him.

"But she will necessarily be marry ing," continued Master Tom.

"Of course," Colonel John Andrew acquiesced softly, while a elbow elbow came into his good, hale eyes.

"There's young Shipley," suggested Tom.

"Milk and water," snapped the colonel. "She's too good for a million like him."

"She's too good for any of them," said Tom, "but we must see that she gets the best. Now, there's Landis."

"Wooden headed as any Indian sign," objected the colonel. He objected to all the other callow ones until Tom in perplexity demanded, "What then?"

"What then?" snapped Colonel John Andrew. "Why, before our little Edwina shall tie herself to any of those I'll go downstairs and propose myself. And the colonel went. Tom followed.

"Is it because I am too old?" the colonel asked Edwina as soon as he saw her, assuming a tone of heartfelt sorrow.

Edwina shook her pretty head. "I like people who are old—a little bit old," she declared.

"I know I have never accomplished anything," continued the colonel, "save to ride a prancing colt or to lead a cotillon as it should be led."

"I don't care—I don't care for that!" exclaimed Edwina, with more vehemence than seemed necessary. "Tom is always talking about being old, but I like him better than if he had been around Mars."

Tom started, blushing, and the colonel sputtered at them both.

"Tut-tut!" —— stammered Tom, but Edwina impatiently waved him into silence.

"Oh, you're twenty-eight," she said in exasperation. "It's simply horrible! Just think, you'll be twenty-nine some day!"

Colonel John Andrew swallowed something, underwent another change of expression, sighed with final resignation and relief and smiled. "Then it is to be Shipley or Landis or young ——," he asked.

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Edwina, red and desperate, "nor any of the silly, immature lot!"

"Then, in the name of Cupid, who?" demanded Colonel John Andrew.

"Oh, I suppose it's to be no one," quavered Edwina, with a little look at Tom on the settee. Then she made for the door, all ready for tears once more.

"Tom," thundered Colonel John Andrew, "arise and ask that young lady to marry you." Edwina turned half expectantly.

"Great Cæsar, father," cried Tom, "I'm twenty-eight!"

"See there," said Edwina, wheeling.

"Wait, Edwina," called Tom, and the girl dallied at the foot of the stairs.

Tom stumbled blunderingly up to her. "You don't mind my age," he asked, "or the fact that I have done nothing worth while for the world?"

"Oh, sugar!" said Edwina, in dead earnest. "Why, look at the colonel, Tom!"

The colonel winced, but continued his beaming smile, and Tom, regarding the flustered, happy girl, reached over and kissed Edwina on her trembling red lips, and then the colonel came and kissed them both.

It was a queer little proposal, and rather a difficult matter to figure out whether the colonel or Tom or Edwina did the asking, maybe, but it held. And anyway it was a happy ending. So possibly it was the best that could have been devised.

The Art of Lying.

With very few exceptions all assertions may be divided into two classes—lies and untruths. Lies are those assertions which the person making them does not know to be so.

Lies help to smooth over the rough places of life. Indeed, if it were not for lies life would be almost unbearable. It would be unsociable, to say the least. If we had to confine ourselves strictly to the truth conversation would be limited to such platitudes as "two and two are four," "the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides," "the earth is round," "the sun is on time today," and the like.

Whereas truth is limited, minutely and painfully exclusive, one has not to be at all particular about lies. They may take any form and disport in any garb.

A lie never has to be verified. Nevertheless it is just as well to bear in mind that the art of lying requires a certain degree of consistency, for lies well told and rigorously insisted upon have been known to pass current as truth for centuries, often to the annoyance and heedlessness of those who tried to set things right.

To lie is human; to tell the truth impossible.—Life.

Coloring of a Water Snake.

Among snakes even partial albinism is rare, while wholly white individuals are unknown. Considerable interest therefore attaches to an account of a common water snake of the former type given by G. Tornier in a Berlin natural history journal. The specimen, which was obtained in the neighborhood of Berlin and is preserved in the museum of that city, is not altogether colorless, although much of the coloring is very pale. On the back a number of brownish red spots. There is also a pale yellowish neckband with a blackish brown band behind it. In the eye the iris presents a number of yellowish brown pigment spots, and the pupil is mainly dark red. Very noteworthy is the fact that the tongue is white instead of the normal black.—Field.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnamahoning
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Geo. B. Hays, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport
Prothonotary—H. F. Hamlin, Smethport
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport
County Treasurer—E. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Patterson, Bighford; John P. Devlin, Bradford
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Colyville
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayes, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. S. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. H. Sisson.
Justice—R. C. Gleason
Constable—C. L. Fiero.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y, W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. E. Daly, R. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. L. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

KADE HENDRICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30, in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE HAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 35, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEMOVE, Pres.
JENNIE EHRENBACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 13, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.,
Miss. ELLA MOONBRIGHT, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

ED. BANKS, S
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3:00 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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THE DRUMMER SPRAWLED INTO THE DITCH.

LIZ AND JIM-ED

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

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The oxen, lean and rough-haired, pace. Immediately the ox-team overlook him.

one of them carroty red, the other brindle, and white where slouching inertly along the narrow backwoods road. From habit they sagged heavily on the yoke, and groaned now and then with windy sighs, although the vehicle they were hauling held no load. This structure, the mere skeleton of a cart, consisted of two pairs of clumsy, broad-tired wheels, mated by a long tongue of ash, whose tip was tied with a rope to the middle of the forward axle. The snail-looked innocent of even the least of the country road-master's well-meaning attempts at repair—a circumstance, indeed, which should perhaps be set to its credit. It was made up of four deep parallel ruts, the two outermost eroded by years of journeying cart wheels, the inner ones worn by the companioning hoofs of many a yoke of oxen. Down the center ran a high and grassy ridge, intolerable to the country parson and the country doctor, compelled to traverse this highway in their one-horse wagons. From ruts and ridges alike protruded the imperishable granite bowlder, which wheels and feet might polish but never efface. On either side of the roadway was traced an erratic furrow, professing to do duty for a drain, and at intervals emptying a playful current across the track to wander down the ruts.

Along beside the slouching team slouched a tall, lank, stoop-shouldered youth, the white down just beginning to stiffen into bristles on his long upper lip. His pale eyes and pale hair hinted yet paler by contrast with his thin, red, wind-roughened face. In his hand he carried a long-handled ox-whip, with a short goad in the butt of it.

"Gee, Buck!" he drawled, prodding the near ox lightly in the ribs. And the team lurched to the right to avoid a markedly obtrusive bowlder. "Haw, Bright!" he ejaculated a minute later, flicking with his whip the off shoulder of the farthest ox. And with sprawling legs and sweeping of hind-quarters the team swerved obediently to the left, shunning a mire-hole that would have taken in the wheel to the hub. Presently coming to a swampy spot that stretched all the way across the road, the youth seated himself sidewise on the narrow tongue, connecting the fore and hind axles, and drove his team dry-shod.

It was a slow and creaking progress; but there seemed to be no hurry, and the youth dreamed loomily on his jolting perch, his eyes took no note of the dark-mossed scrubby hillocks, the rough clearings blackened with fire, the contused and ragged woods, as they crept past in somber procession. But suddenly as the cart rounded a turn in the road, there came into view the figure of a girl traveling in the same direction. The young man slipped from his perch and prodded up the oxen to a brisk walk.

As the noise of the team approached her, the girl looked around. She was good to see, with her straight vigorous young figure in its blue-gray homespun gown. Her hair, in color not far from that of the red ox, was rich and abundant, and lay in a coil so gracious that not even the tawdry millinery of her cheap "store" hat could make her head look quite commonplace. Her face was freckled, but wholesome and comely. A shade of displeasure passed over it as she saw who was behind her, and she hastened her steps perceptibly. But presently she remembered that she had a good five miles to go ere she would reach her destination; and she realized that she could not hope to escape by flight. With a pout of vexation she resigned herself to the inevitable, and dropped back into her former

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She Gently Bound the Wound.

Arkinson chewed the end of gloomy bewilderment. At length he roused himself to another effort.

"Liz," said he, plaintively, "y' ain't been like ye used to, sence ye come back from the States."

"Ain't I?" she remarked, indifferently.

"No, Liz, ye ain't," he repeated, with a sort of pathetic emphasis, as if eager to persuade himself that she had condescended to rebut his accusation. "Y' ain't been like ye used to at all. Appears like as if ye thought us folks in the settlement wasn't good enough for ye now."

At this the girl tossed her head crossly.

"It appears like as if yo wanted to be back in the States ag'in," he continued, in a voice of anxious interrogation.

"My lands," exclaimed the girl, "but ye're green!"

To the young man this seemed such an irrelevant remark that he was silent for some time, striving to fathom its significance. As his head sank lower and lower, and he seemed to lose himself completely in joyless

revery, the girl shot occasional glances at him out of the corners of her eyes. She had spent the preceding winter in a factory in a crude but stirring little New England town, and had come back to Nova Scotia ill content with the monotony of life in the backwoods seclusion of Wyor's Settlement. Before she went away she had been, to use the vernacular of the settlement, "keepin' company with Jim-Ed A'ki'son;" and now, to her, the young man seemed to unite and concentrate in his person all that she had been wont to persuade herself she had outgrown. To be sure, she not seldom caught herself back comfortably into the old conditions. But these symptoms stirred in her heart an uneasy resentment, akin to that she felt whenever—as would happen at times—she could not help recognizing that Jim-Ed and his affairs were not without a passing interest in her eyes.

Now she began to grow particularly angry at him because, as she thought, "he hadn't nothing to say for himself." Sadly to his disadvantage, she compared his simplicity and honest diffidence with the bold self-assertion and easy familiarity of the young fellows with whom she had come in contact during the winter. Their impertinences had offended her grievously at the time, but, womanlike, she permitted herself to forget that now, in order to accentuate the delicacies of the man whom she was unwilling to think well of.

"My lands!" she reiterated to herself, with accumulated scorn, "but ain't he green? He—why, he wouldn't know a 'lectric car from a whirlin' cart. An' soft, too, takin' all my sass 'thout givin' me no lip back, no more'n if I was his mother!"

But the young man presently broke in upon these unflattering reflections. With a sigh he said slowly, as if half to himself:

"Lands, but I used to set a power-ful store by ye, Liz!"

He paused; and at that "used to" the girl opened her eyes with angry apprehension. But he went on:

"An' I set quite more store by ye now, Liz, someways. Seem like I just couldn't live without ye. I always did feel as how ye was too good, a sight too good, fer me, an' you so smart; an' now I feel it more'n ever, bein' as ye've seen so much of the world like that, Liz. I don't allow as it's right an' proper fer ye, even you to look down the way ye do on the place ye was born in an' the folks ye was brung up with."

"My!" thought the girl to herself, "he's got some spunk, after all, to git off such a speech as that, an' to take me over the coals, too!"

But aloud she retorted: "Who's a-lookin' down on anybody, Jim-Ed A'ki'son? An' anyways, you ain't the whole of Wyer's Settlement, be ye?"

The justice of this retort seemed to strike the young man with great force.

"That's so," he acknowledged, gloomily. "'Course I ain't. An' I s'pose I hadn't ought to said what I did."

Then he relapsed into silence. For half a mile he slouched on without a syllable, save an occasional word of command addressed to the team. Coming to another boggy bit of road he seated himself dejectedly on the cart, and apparently would not presume to again press unwelcome attentions upon his fellow wayfarer. Quite uncertain whether to interpret this action as excess of humility or as a severe rebuke, the girl picked her way as best she could, flushed with a sense of injury.

When the mud was passed, the young man absent-mindedly kept his seat. Beginning to boil with indignation, the girl speedily lost her confident superiority, and felt humiliated. She did not know what to do. She would not continue to walk humbly beside the cart. The situation was profoundly altered by the fact that the young man was riding. She tried to drop behind, but the team had an infinite capacity for loitering. At last, with head high in the air, she darted ahead of the team and walked as fast as she could. Although she heard no orders given by their driver, she knew at once that the oxen had quickened their pace, and that she was not leaving them behind.

Presently she found herself overtaken, whereupon, with swelling heart and face averted, she dropped again to the rear. She was drawing perilously near the scene of that feminine catalysm, tears, when Fate stepped in to save her from such a mortification.

Fate goes about in many merry disguises. At this juncture she presented herself under the aspect of two half-tipsy commercial travelers driving a single horse in a light open trap. They were driving in from the settlement, in haste to reach the hotel at Bolton Corners before nightfall. The youth hawed his team vigorously till the high wheels were on the other side of the ditch, leaving a liberal share of the road for them to pass in.

But the drummers were not satisfied with this. After a glance at the bashful face and dejected attitude of the young man on the ox-cart, they decided that they wanted the whole road. When their horse's head almost touched the horns of the off ox, they stopped.

"Get out of the way, there!" cried the man who held the reins, insolently.

At any other time Jim-Ed would have resented the town man's tone and words; just now he was thinking about the way Liz had changed.

"I've gi'n ye the best half o' the road, mister," he said, deprecatingly, "'n' I can't do no better 'fer ye than that."

"Yes, you can, too," shouted the driver of the trap; "you can give us the whole road. It won't hurt your old cart to go out in the stumps, but we ain't going to drive in the ditch, not by a jugful. Get over, I tell you, and be quick about it."

To this the youth made no immediate reply; but he began to forget about the girl, and to feel himself growing hot. As for the girl, she had stepped to the front, resolved to "show off" and to make very manifest to the city men her scorn for her companion. Her cheeks and eye were flaming, and the drummers were not slow to respond to the challenge which she flashed at them from under her drooped lids.

"Ah, there, my beauty!" said the driver, his attention for a moment diverted from the question of right of way. His companion, a smallish man in striped trousers and fawn-colored overcoat, sprang lightly out of the trap, with the double purpose of clearing the road and amusing himself with Liz. The saucy smile with which she met him turned into a frown, however, as he began brutally kicking the knees of the oxen to make them stand over.

The patient brutes crowded into the ditch.

"Whoa, there! Gee, Buck! gee, Bright!" ordered the youth, and the team lurched back into the road. At the same time he stepped over the cart beam and came forward on the off side of the team.

"Ye'd better quit that, mister!" he exclaimed, with a threatening note in his voice.

"Give the lout a slap in the mouth, and make him get out of the way," cried the man in the trap.

But the man in the fawn-colored coat was busy. Liz was much to his taste.

"Jump in and take a ride with us, my pretty," said he.

But Liz shrank away, regretting her provocative glances now that she saw the kind of men she had to do with.

"Come, come," coaxed the man, "don't be shy, my blooming daisy. We'll drive you right in to the Corners and set up a good time for you."

And snatching her hand, he slipped an arm about her waist and tried to kiss her lips. As she leaped herself fiercely away, she heard the man in the

James-Ed A'ki'son, If Ye Think I'm A'goin' to Be Beholden to You Ye're Mistaken.

trap lavish loud approval. She struck at her assailer with clenched hand; but she did not touch him, for just then something happened to him. The long arm of the youth went out like a cannon-ball, and the drummer sprawled in the ditch. He nimbly picked himself up and darted upon his assailant, while the man in the trap shouted to him encouragingly:—

"Give it to him pretty, Mike."

But the young countryman caught him by the neck with long, vise-like fingers, inexorable, and, holding him thus helpless at arm's length, struck him again heavily in the ribs, and hurled him over the ditch into a blueberry thicket, where he remained in dazed discomfiture.

Though of a lamb-like gentleness on ordinary occasions, the young countryman was renowned throughout the settlement for the astonishing strength that lurked in his lean frame. At this moment he was well aroused, and Liz found herself watching him with a fascinating admiration. He no longer ploughed, and his pale eyes, like polished steel, shot a menacing gleam. He stepped forward and took the horse by the bridle.

"Now," said he to the driver, "I've gi'n ye half the road, an' if ye can't drive by in that, I'm a-going to lead ye by, 'thout no more nonsense."

"Let go that bridle!" yelled the driver, standing up and lashing at him with the whip.

One stroke caught the young man down the side of the face, and stung. It was a rash stroke.

"Hold the horse's head, Liz," he cried; and leaping forward, he reached into the trap for his adversary. Heeding not at all the butt end of the whip which was brought down furiously upon his head, he wrenched the driver ignominiously from his seat, spun him around, shook him as if he had been a rag baby, and hurled him violently against a rotten stump on the other side of the ditch. The stump gave way, and the drummer splashed into a bog hole.

Nothing cows a man more quickly than a shaking combined with a ducking. Without a word the drummer hauled himself out of the slop and walked sullenly forward. His companion joined him; and Liz, leading the horse and trap carefully past the cart, delivered them up to their owners with a sarcastic smile on her lips. Then she resumed her place beside the cart, the young man flicked the oxen gently, and the team once more got slowly under way.

As the discomfited drummers climbed into their trap, the girl, in the ardor of her suddenly adopted hero-worship, could not refrain from turning around again to triumph over them. When the men were fairly seated, and the reins gathered up for prompt departure, the smaller man turned suddenly and threw a large stone with vindictive energy and deadly aim.

"Look out!" shrieked the girl; and the young countryman turned aside just in time to escape the full force of the missile. It grazed the side of his head, however, with such violence as to bring him to his knees, and the blood spread, throbbing out of the long cut like a scarlet veil. The drummers whipped their horse to a gallop, and disappeared.

The girl first stopped the team, with a true country-side instinct, and she was at the young man's side, sobbing with anxious fear, just as he staggered blindly to his feet. Seating him on the cart, she proceeded to stanch the bleeding with the edge of her gown. Observing this, he protested, and declared that the cut was nothing. But she would not be refused, and he yielded, apparently well content, under her hands. Then, tearing a strip from her colored cotton petticoat, she gently bound up the wound, not artistically, perhaps, but in every way to his satisfaction.

"If yo hadn't gi'n me warnin', Liz, that there stun'd about fixed me," he remarked.

The girl smiled happily, but said nothing.

After a long pause he spoke again:

"Seems to me ye're like what ye used to, Liz," said he, "only nicer, a sight nicer; an' y' used to be powerful nice. I allow there couldn't be another girl so nice as you, Liz. An' what ever's made yo quit lookin' down on me so sudden like?"

"Jim-Ed," she replied in a caressing tone, "ef y' ain't got no paper collar on, nor no glas' di'mon' pin, I allow ye're a man. An' maybe—maybe ye're the kind of man I like, Jim-Ed."

To even such genuine modesty as Jim-Ed's this was comprehensible. Shyly and happily he reached out his hand for hers. They were both seated very comfortably on the cart-beam, so he did not consider it necessary to move. Side by side, and hand in hand, they journeyed homeward in a glorified silence. The oxen appeared to guide themselves very fairly. The road flushed strangely the roadside hillocks. The night-hawks swooped in the pale zenith with the tyranny of autumn chords. And from a thick maple on the edge of a clearing a hermit-thrush fluted slowly over and over his clotural ecstasy.

RICH CARGOES OF OLD.

Spanish Galleons Laden with Riches Sports for the Buccaneer.

The galleons (the name is a corruption of galley and is from the Greek, but the origin is lost) were variously designated, says a writer in Scribner's. There were "register ships," privileged merchantmen, so called from being registered at Cadiz; "avisos," dispatch and mail ships with regular monthly sailing between ports, which seldom carried treasure, but were eagerly sought for by the information in their mail bags of sailing movements; the "azogues" were the quicksilver ships that carried from Spain the mercury necessary for smelting and refining in the mines of Mexico and Peru; the "flota" was the fleet which sailed from Cadiz to Cartagena, in what is now Colombia; and the Spaniards called all ships "galleons" which sailed annually to Vera Cruz in Mexico. The English called them variously "treasure ships" and "plate fleets" from the fact that much of the treasure carried was in the form of rough metal plate and pigs. A comparison of the value of the cargoes carried by the flota and galleons is interesting. Of gold, to the 3,000,000 crowns carried by the galleons, the flota carried but 1,000,000; of silver, the galleons carried 20,000,000 crowns, the flota 10,000; of jewels so called, the galleons carried usually about 20,000 crowns' worth of pearls, 300,000 crowns' worth of emeralds, 20,000 or 30,000 crowns' worth of amethysts and other less valuable stones; these figures include those of the East Indian ships of the flota. Of woods, the galleons carried approximately 600 or 700 crowns' worth, the flota none; of cochineal 600 or 700 crowns' worth, the flota none; of vicuna wools, the galleons 60,000 crowns' worth, the flota none; and of skins and leather the galleons about 2,000 crowns' worth and the flota a like quantity. The register ships from Buenos Ayres usually carried a cargo of skins and leather valued at 200,000 crowns and 600,000 crowns' worth of indigo. This difference in value did not last for long after the treasure ships began to be the prey of all mankind, then the cargoes were shipped indiscriminately provided only the vessels were strong and fast or in large fleets.

Truth.

Men differ, and will always differ, as to what truth is in this or in that matter, but that man finds truth who seeks it; he serves truth who follows it fearlessly; he serves his fellow men who does all this with humility and with tolerance.—Henry S. Pritchett.

Costly City Government.

It costs nearly as much to pay the salaries of the municipal servants of New York city as it does to support the entire army of the United States. The salaries amount close to $70,000,000 annually.

CONTEST BETWEEN HUMAN HOGS

Three Fat Men Get Away with 675 Oysters and 22 Pounds of Steak.

Three members of the Manhattan Fat Men's club who are in training for the forthcoming annual champion-ship eating contest met at 244 East Third street to settle a private wager of $50 as to which of the trio could get outside of the most food, the New York World says. Here is what they consumed:

Ex-Alderman Frank J. Dotzler, who weighs 360 pounds, 275 oysters, 8½ pounds of steak, 12 rolls, 11 cups of coffee, three large pies.

Jack Gossman, who weighs 315 pounds, 210 oysters, six pounds of steak, nine rolls, ten cups of coffee, three large pies.

Jack Probst, who weighs 320 pounds, 190 oysters, 12 pounds of steak, ten rolls, six cups of coffee, four pies.

Peter Balvado, the referee, awarded the $50 to Dotzler, who had hard work pushing the money into his vest pocket.

A dozen other members of the club who were present as watchers, got so interested in the contest that their mouths opened and shut automatically, as the trio ate. Finally they all began to howl for some food for themselves.

"It's all gone," said Balvado. With loud cries the 12 rushed out to a restaurant.

ICELANDIC FORM OF PEDIGREE.

Simple But Effective Manner of Keeping the Record.

The inhabitants of Iceland have kept their pedigrees in a curious way. Numbers of them can trace their descent from the Vikings who emigrated from Norway to Iceland in the ninth century. Unlike many other countries, there have never been really any nobles in this island, the nation having ever been a republic in spirit. Consequent upon the smallness of the population there has been a considerable amount of inbreeding, and all Icelanders seem to be cousins. There is an old Icelandic adage which translated into English reads: "Cousins are worst to cousins." The most curious circumstance in this connection is that there are scarcely any surnames, as known on the American continent. As a distinctive mark an Icelander places his father's Christian name after his own Christian name, adding to the former "son," which signifies "the son of," and this is continued from generation to generation. An Icelandic pedigree reads as follows: Thorsteth Asgiersson, Sigurd Thorsteinsson, Einar Sigurdsson, Biddar Einarsson, Thorgrim Biddarsson, Hafgrim Thorgrimsson, and so on.

Grow Old Along With Me.

Yes, they are gliding swiftly by, *there's no two ways about it.* We sigh to think that we are growing old, sadly, inevitably growing old; that the evil days draw nigh, when thou shalt say: "I have no pleasure in them," when the summer shower, *of disappointment and of grief* shall not pass as once it did and the sun come out again pretty soon as once it did, for the clouds return after the rain, the bleak November sky of old age, when the clouds return after the rain. Let them be "hours of toil and danger," if they must be, but, oh, how gladly would we banish them! There is so much for us to do or ever the evil days shall come. We are like Lear that held his dead daughter in his arms and cried aloud: "Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!"—Eugene Wood, in Collier's.

Gangrene of Caste in India.

Those who have not lived in India can have made a special study of its unique conditions can hardly understand the differences and hatreds that exist among the different peoples. Between the Mussulman and the Hindu, the Punjabi and the Bengali, the Sikh and the Brahmin, and between many of the smaller divisions of religion, there exists [illegible] such thing as [illegible] and if, [illegible] the civil lines of caste have not been [illegible] and [illegible] unconsciously [illegible] been [illegible] to the offices of [illegible].

No Chance for a Romance.

A [illegible] was trying in the neighborhood of [illegible] and Chesterland streets the other morning bought of a boy [illegible] a dozen eggs. On one among them a stone was scratched the name, with address, of a young farmer up the state. He had also written on the egg a request that the person buying it write to him.

The young woman wrote a letter to the tiller of the soil and received an answer in which the farmer declared himself pleased at having heard from her, etc. He wound his letter up with: "I hope you did not eat the egg, as I wrote that on it a year ago."—Philadelphia Record.

Peroxide Sure Death to Germs.

No family medicine chest should be without peroxide of hydrogen.

This is of the greatest value in disinfecting any abrasions of the skin which may have been suffered.

It destroys all germs with which it comes in contact, and should be immediately applied to pin pricks or any other of the so-called trifling hurts.

As a matter of fact a pin wound is often more dangerous than one a hundred times its size, for the point may contain some deadly poison which is infected before the prick is even noticed.

TRY THE MINER
JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Subscribe
for the
MINER

METHODICAL BURGLARS.

The One John's Wife Was Sure She Heard Every Night.

There had been a number of burglaries in a certain suburban neighborhood, and the conversation at a small whist party turned naturally enough on burglars. Everybody had expressed an opinion except a quiet, elderly gentleman.

"Doesn't it make you nervous," somebody asked him, "to think every night when you go to bed that you may be burglarized before morning?"

"Oh, we don't mind them," said the elderly gentleman cheerfully, with a glance across the room at his wife. "We're too well used to them, aren't we, Mary?"

"John," said his wife warningly, "don't be silly."

"Silly," echoed he and turned to the others. "Now, that's her modesty. Those burglars have been trying to go through our house every night for two weeks; always get in through the dining room window too. But Mary hears them. Yes, sir, no sooner do they get through the window than Mary hears 'em and wakes me up. Fortunately for us, Mary is a very light sleeper."

"But it must be awful to wake up like that!" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"Rather disturbing the first night," continued the speaker, "but not so bad after one gets used to it. All I have to do, you know, is to get up and lock the bedroom door, and then the burglars go right back out of the dining room window. Very methodical they are, too," added the elderly gentleman thoughtfully, "for they always lock the window after them."—Youth's Companion.

THE GIRAFFE.

African's Second Story Worker With the Long Distance Neck.

The giraffe is the second story worker of the animal kingdom. It is a merger of the zebra and the camel and is also a distant relative of the palm tree. The giraffe consists of eight feet of neck equipped with a body at one end and a head at the other. In the matter of neck it has all the rest of the animal kingdom beaten by a length. The giraffe's mouth is located so far from its stomach that it has to eat today to appease tomorrow's appetite. Many a giraffe has starved to death while the first meal it had eaten for two weeks was slowly traveling its transcontinental esophagus.

The giraffe looks as if it had started out to be a zebra, but, having reached the shoulders, had kept on going. It is very dark in color, marked by yellowish brown stripes in a handsome linoleum pattern. It lives on tree tops, eating nuts and rainbows. During the Boer war the British army had some difficulty with giraffes, which formed a great liking for war balloons and frequently nibbled them during their flight in order to inhale the gas.

Why does the giraffe have a long distance neck? Persons given to the use of common sense will realize that Africa is rich in insect life as well as animal life and that all African animals carry innumerable parasites on their hides. The giraffe's head is so far from his body that a long neck is absolutely necessary in order that he may reach down and grab off a tick from his fetlock when necessary. Even a child could see this.—Collier's Weekly.

Extracting Wood Oil.

Chinese wood oil is obtained from the nut of the wood oil tree by pressing or extracting. The color of the oil varies with the method of extraction. In China it is usually heated strongly and is consequently very thick and black. Wood oil forms a very durable lacquer for wood, far surpassing boiled linseed oil in hardness and permanence. The oil possesses the peculiarity of drying more quickly in damp than in dry weather. The residue of the nuts left after the removal of the oil is a good fertilizer, which possesses the valuable property of destroying insects which feed on the roots of plants.—Scientific American.

Scottish Miner's Wit.

An amusing comment was made by a miner at an ambulance lecture in Elphinstone, East Lothian. The lecturer had stated that if suffocation from choking was likely to ensue the simplest remedy to give relief till medical aid arrived was to take a fine pointed penknife and make a small incision in the throat. One of the miners then shouted: "Ye dinna ken Elphinstone folks. If I was to try that the morn here's what wad happen: If that man died his folk wad hae me prosecuted for murder, and if he got better he himself wad be the first to prosecute me for cutting his throat."—Dundee Advertiser.

The British Museum.

In the early days of the British museum, a century or more ago, the place was open for only six hours daily on five days a week during the summer and four hours daily during the rest of the year. Nobody could remain in the building for more than two consecutive hours, and the number admissible at one time was strictly limited to fifteen. Each batch of visitors was shepherded by an attendant.

Ready For It.

Young Wife—Don't you admire a man who always says the right thing at the right time? The Spinster—I'm sure I could if I ever have the pleasure of meeting such a man.—London Illustrated Bits.

Crossed.

"Father, what are wrinkles?"

"Fretwork, my boy, fretwork."—Independent.

Keep an eye on your enemies, but keep a microscope to one eye and a telescope to the other when watching your "friends."—P. P. Sheviin.

The talent of ridicule is the qualification of little, ungenerous tempers.—Addison.

Locating Her Car.

A hearty laugh at the pointed query of an interesting four-year-old girl was enjoyed a few days ago by a number of persons waiting on a platform at Broad street station for the departure of a westbound accommodation train. The little lady had been gazing intently at a Pullman observation coach and after a brief mental contrast of the more pretentious car with the ordinary passenger coach which she was about to take asked of her mother, "Mamma, what kind of a car is that one with the beautiful windows and pretty plush covered chairs?" "That is a parlor car, my dear," was the reply. "Well, I guess ours must be a kitchen car, then, isn't it?" was the very suggestive question, which as yet has not been answered to the child's satisfaction.—Philadelphia Record.

Silence.

Silence is a language understood in every country.

Were silence to be enforced on all of us for a single day the fools would go mad. The wise would talk less thereafter.

Silence in the shallow man means that he is out of breath.

A man is known by the silence he keeps.

A silent man may not be thinking, but the burden of proof is not on him.

To be silent in company is to invite the suspicion that "you have something on your mind." The reason is obvious.—Life.

The Sun a Star?

The sun is one of a stream of stars moving in the same direction and with equal velocities. Thus says Professor Kobold of the observatory of Kiel, who has become convinced by his studies of star currents that the sun does actually form part of such a current, which is moving toward a point on the edge of the Milky way. Kapteyn of Groningen has come to the conclusion that the stars drift in two directions. This conclusion is based on the examination of 2,500 stars observed repeatedly.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—going without there—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many changes are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-53 Main Street,

BRADFORD, PA.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

Petitions and Applications for license for hotels, eating houses, wholesale and retail liquor dealers, with or without other goods, and bottlers and brewers, at the June Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for McKean County, Pennsylvania, to be held at Smethport, Pa., on Monday, May 10, A. D. 1909.

Hotel Licenses.

Bradford City—First Ward.

T. F. Connelly, Connelly Hotel, No. 18 Mechanic street. Residence same.

A. W. Regenbrust, United States Hotel, Nos. 19 & 21 Mechanic street. Residence same.

R. H. Fox, St. James Hotel, or New St. James Hotel, No. 2 to No. 10 South Avenue. Residence same.

B. F. Hamilton, Capital Hotel, Nos. 46 & 48 Main street. Residence same.

P. J. Kennessy, The New Pierce House, Nos. 127 & 129 Main street. Residence same.

Frank P. Holley, Hotel Holley, at Northwest corner of Main & Davis streets. Residence same.

C. E. Hurley, Bay State Hotel, Nos. 84 & 86 Main street. Residence same.

C. H. Larelle, Union House, Nos. 142 to 150 Main street. Residence same.

B. F. McBride, Option House, No. 41 Main street. Residence same.

M. P. McCarthy, Willard Hotel, Nos. 134 & 136 Main street. Residence same.

W. J. McDonell, Industry Hotel, Nos. 15, 17 & 19 Davis street. Residence same.

P. Mulqueen, Mansion House, Nos. 5 & 7 Mechanic street. Residence same.

Z. J. Pearson, New Edgett Hotel, Nos. 83 & 85 Main street. Residence same.

Clara B. Smith, Hotel Weaver, Nos. 87 & 89 Main street. Residence same.

Harry G. Soil, Washington House, Nos. 12, 14 & 16 Webster street. Residence same.

A. C. Stengel, Corry House, Nos. 18 & 20 Webster street. Residence same.

B. S. Watterson, Oil City House, Nos. 122 & 124 Main street. Residence same.

N. Weil, Black Bear Hotel, Nos. 14 & 16 Pine street. Residence same.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

J. H. Lyons, Alan House, Nos. 15 & 17 W. Washington street. Residence same.

Bradford City—Fifth Ward.

E. A. Hathaway, Rochester Hotel, Nos. 211 to 213 Main street. Residence same.

Bradford City—Sixth Ward.

Patrick Keane, Tuna Valley House, No. 413 East Main street. Residence same.

Patrick M. White, American House, No. 444 East Main street. Residence same.

Eldred Borough.

C. C. Lewis, St. Elmo Hotel, S. W. corner Main & Depot streets. Residence Eldred borough.

H. W. Rice, Central Hotel, No. 70 Main street. Residence Eldred borough.

Thomas J. Slavin, Gold Eagle Hotel, northeast corner of Depot and Railroad streets. Residence Eldred borough.

Foster Township.

W. F. Parks, Bow City Hotel, corner of Bradford and Smethport road and Plank Road Highway. Residence Bow City.

Hamlin Township.

Fritz Block, Eckhart House, S. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

S. Landau, Hotel Hazel, N. side of Main street, Hazelhurst, Pa. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

Stephen Barrett, Jr., Windsor Hotel, Nos. 17, 19 & 21 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Dawson P. Crowe, Kane House, Nos. 153, 155 & 157 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Annie F. Donovan, New Arlington Hotel, No. 15 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

P. W. Durkin, Brawley Hotel, No. 129 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

N. A. Nelson, Hotel Lamont, Nos. 27, 29, 31, 33 & 35 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Morris B. Pierce, New Fleming Hotel, Nos. 96 to 97 W. side of Fraley street. Residence same.

W. W. Swaling and Martin B. Groat, Grimm Hotel, Nos 76 & 77 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

Andrew Mangan and Lawrence C. Bissell, New Centennial Hotel, Nos. 60, 62 & 64 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Third Ward.

John Fleming, New Thompson House, Nos. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 & 16 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Fourth Ward.

C. F. Hearst, St. Elmo Hotel, Nos. 162, 164, 166 & 168 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Lafayette Township.

Simon E. Comey, Bradford House, Lewis Run. Residence Lewis Run, Pa.

William Doyle, Mountain House, Marshburg, N. side of public highway leading from Marshburg to Bradford. Residence Marshburg, Pa.

Jas. Mahoney, Butts House, Mount Alton, cor. of road leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville and road to Ridgeville. Residence Mount Alton, Pa.

John J. McQueeney, Davis House, Mount Alton, west side of street leading from Mount Alton to Buttsville. Residence Mount Alton, Pa.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Francis L. Campbell, Campbell House, S. side of Main street. Residence Mt. Jewett borough.

E. C. Cleveland, Brewer House, S. side of Main street. Residence Mt. Jewett borough.

E. W. Long, Commercial Hotel, S. side of Main street. Residence Mt. Jewett borough.

R. D. Thompson, Lumber House, S. side of Main street. Residence Mt. Jewett borough.

Otto Township.

James W. Belcamp, Duke House, Duke Center, W. side of Main street. Residence Duke Center, Pa.

Port Allegany Borough.

Joseph M. Butler, The Butler House, S. Bryon Main and Mill streets. Residence Port Allegany borough.

C. S. King, Sartwell House, S. side of Mill street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

P. Rogan, Connelly House, Nos. 5 & 7 Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

Samuel St. Clair, Pearl Street Hotel & Restaurant, W. side of Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

William Vanskiver, Allegany House, N. side of Mill street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

Sergeant Township.

John L. Smith, Bayer House, Clermont. Residence Clermont, Pa.

Fred J. Sillen, Clermont House, Clermont, corner of Pine street and Main Highway. Residence Clermont, Pa.

Smethport Borough.

John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, Wright House, cor. Main and Mechanic streets. Residence of John O. Dodge, Keating Township, Frank L. Sherburne, Smethport Borough.

M. S. Geary, Hotel Imperial, No. 101 Main street. Residence Smethport borough.

James McGuire, Grand Central Hotel, S. side of West Main street. Residence Smethport borough.

F. L. McCrary, Cottage House, cor. of Water and Fulton streets. Residence Smethport borough.

T. H. Purtle, Commercial House, cor. of Main and Franklin streets. Residence Smethport borough.

Eating House or Restaurant Licenses.

Bradford City—Third Ward.

Jos. O'Donnell, City Restaurant and Cafe, No. 45 Mechanic street. Residence 240 Plean street.

Hamlin Township.

John Carl Block, The White Star Restaurant and Cafe, Hazelhurst, Pa., north side of Main street on Lot No. 1. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

W. E. Parsons, Union Restaurant, Hazelhurst, Pa. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

George B. Bay, Lyceum Cafe, No. 5 Field street. Residence Kane borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

Samuel St. Clair, W. side of Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

Augustus Lambuffer, City Restaurant, W. side of Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

Wholesale and Retail Licenses With or Without Other Goods.

Bradford City—First Ward.

Chas. H. Brown, No. 138 Main street. Residence Bradford City.

Frank J. Collins, doing business as N. R. Collins & Co., No. 102 Main street. Residence Bradford City.

A. M. Mayer and M. Rolland, doing business as A. Mayer & Co., No. 130 Main street. Residence Bradford City.

H. M. Plague, No. 3 Mechanic street. Residence Bradford City.

Saul Wertilman, No. 93 Main street. Residence Bradford City.

Kane Borough—First Ward.

John Dolan, No. 81 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

George W. Berry, No. 138 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

John E. Healey, No. 72 Fraley street. Residence Kane borough.

Mt. Jewett Borough.

Charles Lambert, N. side of Main street. Residence Mount Jewett borough.

Port Allegany Borough.

John L. Bayer, W. side of Pearl street. Residence Port Allegany borough.

Smethport Borough.

Fred H. Hungerville, S. side of Main street in Square No. 82. Residence Smethport borough.

License to Bottle and Vend Malt and Brewed Liquors.

Bradford City—First Ward.

John Montelcone, No. 20 Webster street. Residence Bradford city.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

P. H. Davitt, No. 56 Mechanic street. Residence Bradford city.

Eldred Borough.

E. R. Tanner, W. side of Railroad street opp. Penna. R. R. depot. Residence Eldred borough.

Hamlin Township.

Alfred Hayberg, Hazelhurst, Lot No. 10, E. side of Randall street. Residence Hazelhurst, Pa.

Kane Borough—Second Ward.

J. M. McCarty, No. 20 Field street. Residence Kane borough.

License to Brew, Manufacture, Vend and Sell Malt and Brewed Liquors at Wholesale.

Bradford City—Fourth Ward.

The Bradford Brewing Company, William Hanley, President, Delevan Emery, secretary, Nos. 19 to 25 Fourth street. Its present address is Bradford, Pa.

All licenses must be lifted within fifteen days after the same are granted or they will be void: excepting those granted to sell liquor at retail, shall have until the day preceding the commencement of the term of said license to lift the same.

FRANK R. FOSTER,
Clerk.

Smethport, Pa., April 20, 1909.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

—of the—

BOROUGH of SMETHPORT

For the Year 1908.

R. C. Gleason, Collector 1906 duplicate

Borough General Fund

Dr		
To balance outstanding as per last audit		$ 372 11
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	$ 353 51	
By 5% paid commission for collecting $372 11	18 60	372 11

Borough Bond Fund

Cr		
To balance outstanding as per last audit	117 47	117 47
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	111 60	
By 5% commission for collecting $117 47	5 87	117 47

R. C. Gleason, Collector 1907 duplicate

Borough General Fund

Dr		
To balance outstanding as per last audit		$ 810 61
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	189 61	
By 5% commission for collecting $189 10	9 97	
By exoneration allowed by council	111 68	
By 5% added on above exonerations $111 68	5 50	
By balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding	492 45	810 61

Borough Bond Fund

Dr		
To balance outstanding as per last audit		290 13
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	52 63	
By 5% commission for collecting $53 10	2 77	
By exoneration allowed by council	31 68	
By 5% added on above exonerations $31 68	1 58	
By balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding	117 47	290 13

R. C. Gleason, Collector 1908 duplicate

Borough General Fund

Dr		
To amount of duplicate	$4338 31	
To 5% added Sept. 8, 1908, taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1909	207 17	$4545 48
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	2993 13	
By 2% allowed taxpayers 1st 60 days on $3872 40	100 11	
By 5% commission for collecting $5056 25	55 10	
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler, taxes at par	463 75	
By 5% commission for collecting $488 61	24 40	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding	518 08	4545 48

Borough Bond Fund

Dr		
To amount of duplicate	$1086 41	
To 5% added on $1136 47 taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1909	6 30	1089 71
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	750 25	
By 2% allowed taxpayers 1st 60 days on $857 25	41 85	
By 5% commission for collecting $795 25	15 90	
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler, taxes at par	171 12	
By 5% commission for collecting $180 16	9 00	
Balance of 1908 Duplicate outstanding	102 17	1089 71

Borough Paving Bond Fund

Dr		
To amount of duplicate	$3188 84	
To 5% added on $149 25 taxes unpaid Jan. 1st, 1909	22 47	3211 31
Cr		
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler	2476 73	
By 2% allowed taxpayers 1st 60 days on $2672 56	133 63	
By 5% commission for collecting $2730 13	59 40	
By paid Treasurer Charles Lemmler, taxes at par	367 18	
By 5% commission for collecting $385 50	20 02	
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding	472 95	3211 31

Charles Lemmler, Treasurer, in account with

Borough General Fund

Dr		
To balance on hand as per last audit		$ 1266 87
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	353 51	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	189 61	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1908 duplicate	3550 26	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1908 duplicate	691 75	
To cash from State Treasurer, foreign insurance	136 84	
To cash from Burgess E. W. Strong, licenses and fines	91 40	
To cash from Burgess E. W. Strong, dog tax	16 00	
To cash from St. Com., repairing and cleaning sidewalks	41 50	
To cash from Chas. Smith, sidewalk per V. B. Bouton	10 23	
To cash from McCabe, sidewalk per V. B. Bouton	43 37	
To cash for tile	4 71	6285 69
Cr		
By paid police duty	720 00	
By paid street commissioner	969 80	
By paid labor on Street	421 10	
By paid material for streets	187 62	
By paid team work on streets	80 38	
By paid lumber and tile	97 10	
By paid freight & drayage	12 67	
By paid hardware & repairs	140 31	
By paid blacksmithing	31 15	
By paid J. C. Cunningham for lease of dumping ground	20 00	
By paid Lina Herzog for tile	18 00	
By paid Smethport Water Co. for water	330 00	
By paid printing	120 34	
By paid feeding prisoners	14 50	
By paid special election	24 50	
By paid F. R. Foster for making out duplicate	15 00	
By paid burgess' salary	50 00	
By paid attorney and fees	154 15	
By paid secretary and postage	56 88	
By paid auditors	30 00	
By paid engineering and surveying	58 00	
By paid insurance	110 00	
By paid Dr. John Clark, secretary Board of Health	50 00	
By paid M. L. Eaton for disinfecting houses	74 50	
By paid H. C. Wells, drugs for disinfectant	17 10	
By paid Firemen's Relief Association, foreign insurance	116 84	
By paid Henry Blever, work on fire engine	16 00	
By paid supplies for Hose Co.	28 05	
By paid S. Sloan Co., hydrants	61 00	
By paid 5% commission on above disbursements, $2057 06	77 75	
By balance in hands of Treasurer	2320 58	6285 69

Borough Bond Fund

Dr		
To balance on hand as per last audit	142 37	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1906 duplicate	111 60	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1907 duplicate	52 63	
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1908 duplicate	893 39	1200 29
Cr		
By paid borough bonds Nos. 47, 48 and 57	800 00	
By paid interest on outstanding bonds	160 00	
By paid 2% commission on above $960 00	19 20	
By balance in hands of treasurer	221 09	1200 29

Borough Paving Bond

Dr		
To cash from Dauphin Bank & Trust Co. (Bond)	$3582 50	$3582 50
Cr		
By paid Louis Gipp Construction Co.	1793 05	
By paid labor	349 17	
By paid Engineer A. F. Bannon, Jr.	710 00	
By paid Penn. Metal Culvert Co., culverts	1280 85	
By paid St. Marys Sewer Co., tile	103 17	
By paid Holmes & Gillilan, material	20 50	
By paid printing	12 00	
By paid freight	70 02	
By paid Samuel Green, team work	28 02	
By paid telephone messages	3 10	
By paid 2% commission on above disb., $3018 35	203 16	
By balance in hands of treasurer	12210 87	$3582 50

Borough Paving Bond Fund

Dr		
To cash from Coll. R. C. Gleason 1908 duplicate	2936 91	2936 91
Cr		
By paid interest on bonds Nos. 1 to 68	848 00	
By paid 2% commission on above $848 00	16 48	
By balance in hands of treasurer	1870 43	2936 91

LIABILITIES

Bonds outstanding Nos. 58 to 64 inclusive	$ 2800 00
Paving bonds outstanding, Nos. 1 to 68 inclusive	37302 50
35 mills 4100 Construction Co. on $2960 40	3000 47 43102 97

RESOURCES

Balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding general fund	$ 492 61
Balance of 1907 duplicate outstanding bond fund	147 47
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding general fund	518 08
Balance of 1908 duplicate outstanding paving bond fund	102 17
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, general fund	4771 05
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, bond fund	2193 78
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, paving bond fund	231 09
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, paving bond fund	12210 87
Balance in hands of Treas. Lemmler, paving bond fund	1870 43
Due from property owners extra 6 per cent. of pay'g	1317 20
Due from sewer assessment	222 17
Liabilities in excess of resources	29005 60 43102 97

And now, March 12th, 1909, having examined the accounts of R. C. Gleason, Collector, and Charles Lemmler, Treasurer, we find and report the balance as above stated.

C. B. CURTIS,
J. A. SWANSON,
Auditors.

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 492

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,
ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON
ATTY-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. E. Mayo & Son,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. E. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a.
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
All business given careful attention.
Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

G. B. Bonnington,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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